

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Ballad Of A Dead Soulja"

Yeah, ballad of a dead soldier  
This is the ballad of a dead soldier  
This is the ballad of a dead soldier  
Come play the ballad of a dead soldier

The plan, to take command of the whole family  
Though underhanded, to be the man it was planned  
All my road dogs, official mob figures  
Love to act up, the first to bomb when we rob niggas  
I can be lost in my own mind  
To be the boss, only thought's: grip on chrome 9's  
Niggas get tossed up, war scars, battlefield memories  
Swore I saw the devil in my empty glass of Hennessy  
Talkin' to a nigga on a tight leash  
Screamin' "Fuck the police!" as I ride through the night streets  
Little child runnin' wild, towards danger  
What's the cause? Don't be alarmed, death to all strangers  
Maybe I'm a madman  
A pistol grabbin' nigga, unleash the Sandman  
Promise a merciless retaliation, nothin' is colder  
Close your eyes, hear the ballad of a dead soldier

*[Singing + 2Pac:]*

Thug for Life, I will be  
This is the ballad of a dead soldier  
A life of crime I will lead  
Close your eyes, hear the ballad of a dead soldier  
If you play the game, you play to win  
This is the ballad of a dead soldier  
It's a crazy world full of sin  
Close your eyes...

Completely lost, revenge at all costs  
Payback's a bitch, switched, now the trick's crossed  
Tossed up and never to be heard of  
A single witness screamin', "Bloody murder, murder!"  
Blast, tell me, homie, what you see now?  
A blind man and a dead body, I'm ready to leave town  
And get my cash though, hook up with Castro  
Homie had to blast on the task force  
Stupid coppers tried to play us out, never that  
They took my money and my stash; time to get 'em back  
Upon my secret arrival  
Two glock four-fives, time for survival  
Death to my rivals, tell me, what you want, Lord?  
Nobody left after the death of a drug lord  
The situation's critical  
Nothing is colder, than hear the ballad of a dead soldier

*[Singing + 2Pac:]*

Thug for Life, I will be  
This is the ballad of a dead soldier  
A life of crime I will lead  
Close your eyes, hear the ballad of a dead soldier  
If you play the game, you play to win  
This is the ballad of a dead soldier  
It's a crazy world full of sin  
Close your eyes and hear the ballad of a dead soldier

Be a coward, put yo' hands to the moon  
When my Glocks rang out, the niggas came out, BOOM!  
Who wanna see me in a challenge?  
So merciless, I'm terrifyin' niggas in my ballads  
Do you feel me? Capo or Capi-tan  
One day I'll be the Don; until then, remain strong  
My only fear of death is reincarnation  
Bustin' at my adversaries like a mental patient  
To all my niggas facin' 60 years  
Sheddin' tattooed tears, another suicidal on the tier  
Takin' private planes, tryin' to survive the game  
For all my homies that'll never be alive again  
All they promise us is death, nigga  
Take a breath, come be the last one left, nigga  
It's real now, feel it or fantasize it, ain't nuttin colder  
Listen, you can hear it – the ballad of a dead soldier

*[Singing + 2Pac:]*

Thug for Life, I will be  
This is the ballad of a dead soldier  
A life of crime I will lead  
Close your eyes, hear the ballad of a dead soldier  
If you play the game, you play to win  
This is the ballad of a dead soldier  
It's a crazy world full of sin  
Close your eyes and hear the ballad of a dead soldier

This go out to Kato, Mental, all the niggas that passed away  
Mutulu, Geronimo, Seyku – all the down-ass riders  
All the niggas that put it down, all the soldiers  
All the niggas that go through that day-to-day struggle  
(This is the ballad of a dead soldier!)

All the niggas that passed on  
All the niggas with ambition and money in they heart  
All the niggas that want some and that don't take none  
Hahaha (It's the ballad of a dead soldier!)

The police are so scared of us  
All the feds they aware of us  
They wanna see us dead  
They got pictures of a nigga head, (Ballad of a dead soldier!)

Tryin' to see me in chains, shit  
Them niggas'll never breathe again  
Before they put me in a cell, they'll see me in Hell  
(Cause it's the ballad of a dead soldier!)

Got my pistols cocked  
Run the whole motherfuckin' block; fuck the cops!  
The police? We run these streets, nigga

(Ain't heard the ballad of a dead soldier!)  
These niggas can't see me, half the world wanna be me  
Multi-millionaire; shit, it ain't fair  
But nigga, you know – it's the ballad of a dead soldier!

Writer(s): Kenneth Gamble, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Gregory Frenard Hutchison, Johnny Lee Jackson, Leon A. Huff, Rodney Taylor

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Fuck Friendz"

[2Pac:]

Pawhoo hoo hoo hoo  
Live from the graveyard  
I don't wanna be your man, bitch, (fuck that) what you crazy  
I don't wanna be your fuckin' man  
You stupid you fuckin' idiot (drunk ho)  
I wanna be  
Yo let me fuck that nigga down  
What's that?  
Ay yo what you doin' with that big ass  
My ghetto love song (hahaha)  
Set it off, set it off  
Let's be friends  
Where my niggas at  
Where my niggas, where my niggas  
Where my niggas at, all my real niggas (throw your muthafuckin' hands up)  
Where my niggas, where my niggas  
Hahahaha yeah (lets go lets go)  
Let's be friends (throw ya hands in the air)  
There's no need to front (let's see ya just throw ya hands in the air)  
Let's be friends...  
(Westside in this motherfucker right here, Westside)  
(throw ya hands in the air)

[2Pac:]

Approach you and post a minute, arm on my double-R tinted  
As you pass bye, winkin' my eye, freshly scented  
What's the haps, baby? Come get with me and perhaps, lady  
You can help me multiply my stacks, baby  
Currency seems small, I need companionship  
Through with that scandalous shit, I bet your man ain't shit  
So why you hesitatin', actin' like yo' shit don't stink?  
Check out my diamonds, bitch, everyone gonna blink  
This be a thug thang, Outlaw nigga with riches  
Cream dreamin', motherfucker, on a mash for bitches  
Check my résumé, sippin' on Cristal and Alize  
Smokin' on big weed, keyed the Cali way  
Don't like trickin', but I'll buy you a fifth  
I can't stand no sneaker-wearin' nappy head bitch  
Let my pedigree, read briefly, they're so cheap  
Puttin' bitch-made bustas to sleep with no grief  
Mash on my so-called cum, who the man?  
While I'm tuggin' on your main bitch head  
Understand this: Ain't no nigga like me, fuck Jay Z!  
He broke and I smoke daily, baby, let's be friends

[Singer (2Pac):]

Let's be friends (Where my niggas at? C'mon!)  
You ain't gotta be my man at all  
Long as you just bring me your friends

(All my niggas, where my hoes at?)  
Why you trickin' on them other hoes?  
Let's be friends! (Where the bitches at?  
Where the niggas with money? Where you at, baby?)  
You ain't gotta be my man at all  
Long as you just bring me your friends (Cash makin' hoes)  
Why you trickin' on them other hoes? Let's be friends

*[2Pac:]*

I met you and I stuttered in passion  
Though slightly blinded by that ass  
It was hard to keep my dick in my pants  
Every time you pass got me checkin' for you  
Hardcore, starin' and watchin'  
Me and you, one on one, picture countless options  
Was it prophecy? Clear as day, visions on top of me  
Erotic, psychotic, would possess bubonics  
Far from a crush, I wanna bust your guts and touch  
everything inside you from my head to my nuts  
You got me sweatin' like a fat girl goin' for mine  
Just a skinny nigga fuckin' like she stole my mind  
Back in time, I recall how she used to be  
I guess money and fame made you used to me  
What's up in 9-6? Fine tricks in drag  
Fuck Dre! Tell that bitch he can kiss my ass!  
Back to you, my pretty ass caramel queen  
Got my hands on your thighs  
Now let me in between as friends

*[Singer (2Pac):]*

Let's be friends (Westside, motherfucker, right here)  
You ain't gotta be my man at all  
Long as you just bring me your friends  
(Westside in this motherfucker)  
Why you trickin' on them other hoes?  
Let's be friends (Westside in this motherfucker right here)  
You ain't gotta be my man at all  
Long as you just bring me your friends  
(In this motherfucker right here)  
Why you trickin' on them other hoes? Let's be friends

*[2Pac:]*

Can you imagine me in player mode? Rush the tricks  
I got her ready for a booty call, I fucked your bitch  
Was it me or the fame? My dick or the game?  
Bet I scream "Westside!" when I came (Westside!)  
Scream my name 'cause, baby, it's delicious  
Ghetto weak spot for pretty bitches up and down  
Similar to switches  
My movement, baby, let your back [?] it  
Make it fluid, in and out, all around when a nigga do it  
You got me high, let me come inside!  
I love it when you get on top, baby, let me ride!  
Who wanna stop me? Am I top notch?  
Fuck player hatin' niggas, 'cause they cockblock  
You probably hate to see a real thug with vision, what's the game?

Rather see a nigga up in prison, why you change?  
Made a livin' out of cuss words, liquor and weed  
A bad seed turned good, in this world of G's  
Baby got me fantasizin' seein' you naked  
It's the fuck song, so check my record, and let's be friends  
Where my niggas at? Show me where my niggas at?  
Where my bitches at? Thug style!

*[Singer (2Pac):]*

Let's be friends (Where my niggas at? Where my bitches at?)  
(Throw yo' guns in the air!)  
Friends... (My ghetto love song!  
It goes on and on and on and on)  
Let's be friends (Where my niggas at? Where my bitches at?)  
(Where my niggas at?)  
Friends... (Where my niggas at? Where my bitches at?)  
(Where my people at? Let's be...)

*[2Pac:]*

Where my people at? Show me where my people at!  
Where my people at? Show me where my people at!  
All my niggas now, just my niggas come!  
Where my niggas at? Just my niggas now!  
Be friends, tell me where my niggas at  
Be friends, tell me where my bitches at  
Be friends, tell me where my people at  
Be friends, tell me where my bitches at  
Make money, take money, be friends

*[Singer (2Pac):]*

Let's be friends (Get your cash on! Let's get dough!)  
You ain't gotta be my man at all  
Long as you just bring me your friends  
(C'mon, get your cash on!)  
Why you trickin' on them other hoes?  
Let's be friends (C'mon, get your cash on! Let's get paid!)  
You ain't gotta be my man at all  
Long as you just bring me your friends  
(C'mon, get your cash on!)  
Why you trickin' on them other hoes? Let's be friends

*[2Pac:]*

Make money, take money!  
Make money, take money!  
Make money, take money!  
Make money, take money!  
Make money, take money!

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Lil' Homies"

Fuckin' lil' homies...  
Everybody duckin', my fuckin' lil' homies  
Lil' homies...  
Everybody duckin', my fuckin' lil' homies

Just pay attention; here's a story 'bout my lil' homies  
Straight thuggin', lil' bad young motherfuckers  
Gotta love 'em, you could catch him in his G ride, clutchin' his Glock  
Screamin', "Outlaw!" (West Side motherfucker!), bustin' on my enemy's block  
Educated on these cold streets  
Gettin' money, makin' dummies out the police  
Ain't no peace, for an adolescent nigga too wild, to be a thinker  
Bud smokin' 24/7, everyday drinker  
Got my diploma, but I never learned shit in school  
Mo' money, mo' bitches, mo' murder, fool!  
Always the young niggas gettin' in shit  
She wouldn't stop to conversate, so you called her a bitch (biatch!)  
Bustin' on paper thin motherfuckers  
Drinkin' gin before you get to sinnin' on them busters  
Emptied his clip, passed by like he didn't know me  
Everybody duckin', my fuckin' lil' homies

Lil' homies on the ride  
Niggas gonna die tonight, let's get high tonight (my lil' homies)  
Lil' homies on the mash  
Runnin' from these punk police  
'Cause lil' niggas run the streets  
Lil' homies on the ride  
Niggas gonna die tonight, let's get high tonight (my lil' homies)  
Lil' homies on the mash  
Runnin' from these punk police  
'Cause lil' niggas run the streets

I remember, when you was just a lil' G, flirtin' with death  
Playin' "Russian Roulette", screamin', "Kill me!"  
Hey there, young nigga, what you smokin' on?  
Mad at the world 'cause you came from a broken home?  
Love the squad, plus your mob is sick  
A bunch of adolescent niggas spittin' major shit  
Tell me, young nigga, if you die, let me know  
Would your heart feel pain, watchin' as your mother cries?  
Will all your homies ride?  
Or will they all get high, and talk about how you died?  
Young niggas on a mission to compete  
Gettin' G's, packin' heat, bringin' havoc to the fuckin' streets  
Nobody knows why he took a fo'-fo'  
And unloaded on the whole front row (BUCK! BUCK!, BUCK BUCK)  
Try to tell him, but he act like he don't know me  
Pull out his pistol and he show me; my lil' homie

Lil' homies on the ride  
Niggas gonna die tonight, let's get high tonight (my lil' homie)  
Lil' homies on the mash  
Runnin' from these punk police  
'Cause lil' niggas run the streets (my lil' homies)  
Lil' homies on the ride  
Niggas gonna die tonight, let's get high tonight  
Lil' homies on the mash  
Runnin' from these punk police  
'Cause lil' niggas run the streets

"First 2 Bomb", "16 On Death Row"  
Bustin' on them phony motherfuckers  
'Cause the big homie said so  
Niggas knew I was a nutcase, quick to blast  
Livin' underage, but he'll blaze on your bitch-ass  
Is there a heaven for a G?  
And if it is, will I finally get to be at peace?  
On these streets ain't no peace  
Shell-shocked souls makin' money off of crack sales, young black male!  
Unable to change, 'cause it's a cycle  
Plus nobody knows the evil that they might do  
Lil' Moo, Big Yak, K. Castro  
Big Malcom, Hussein, call 'em Outlawz  
Tellin' the world to be equipped  
When these young motherfuckers rip shit, they don't quit  
Drew down on me, pulled a pound on me  
Bust like he didn't know me; my lil' homies

Lil' homies on the ride  
Niggas gonna die tonight, let's get high tonight  
Lil' homies on the mash  
Runnin' from these punk police  
'Cause lil' niggas run the streets  
Lil' homies on the ride  
Niggas gonna die tonight, let's get high tonight  
Lil' homies on the mash  
Runnin' from these punk police  
'Cause lil' niggas run the streets  
Lil' homies on the ride  
Niggas gonna die tonight, let's get high tonight  
Lil' homies on the mash  
Runnin' from these punk police  
'Cause lil' niggas run the streets  
Lil' homies on the ride  
Niggas gonna die tonight, let's get high tonight  
Lil' homies on the mash  
Runnin' from these punk police  
'Cause lil' niggas run the streets  
Lil' homies on the ride  
Niggas gonna die tonight, let's get high tonight  
Lil' homies on the mash..

Whassup nigga let's do this shit! My lil' homies!  
Lil' bad-ass motherfuckin' adolescent niggas! My lil' homies!  
What the fuck you niggas wanna do? WHAT NIGGA? My fuckin' lil' homies



Sixteen, fifteen, thirteen, my fuckin' lil' homies  
Juvenile delinquents ready to BUST on you motherfuckers  
What the fuck you niggas wanna do nigga?!  
Nigga take yo' shit on, lil' homies!  
We robbin' motherfuckers nigga, Thug Life, Outlawz! West Side!  
You know what time it is, my lil' homies!  
You know what the fuck you gotta do nigga, Outlawz nigga  
My lil' homies..

Thanks to zastrow17 for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Jackson Johnny Lee

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Let Em Have It"

(feat. SKG)

[2Pac:]

Te quiero  
Te quiero cojer, te quiero cojer  
I'll let your ass have it, te quiero cojer  
Te quiero cojer, oh real?  
Te quiero cojer

[2Pac:]

Now you've been actin' like you want it for a long time  
All up in a nigga face, givin' me them strong vibes  
Look in my eyes and you'll find peace  
A Gemini, so you really blow my mind freak, come on  
I got my clothes off, hard as a nigga in jail  
Skinny niggas throw the dick well  
Everybody get their condoms, brother cause it's time to fuck  
Hurry up and put it on nigga, time is up  
What's next? - got my mind on some group sex  
Where you goin', baby? I ain't even through yet  
Do it like a true vet, love it how I threw it to ya  
In and out make it good to ya, remember me?  
I love fuckin' slow with the lights low  
Black, Puerto Rican, even White hoes; bellissimo  
Que linda, dame beso, come to papi  
Fuck until the shit is sloppy, if you really want it

[2Pac + \*\*\*:]

[\*\*\*:] Really want it

[Pac:] Get your ass up; you know it, if you really want it  
You really want it, you really want it  
If, you really want it, if you really want it  
If, you really want it, if you really want it  
[\*\*\*:] Really want it (I really want it)  
[Pac:] Really want it

[2Pac:]

Alright all my real niggas and my real bitches  
Let me see you do it like this, c'mon

[2Pac & SKG:]

Rock, your body body, rock your body body  
Rock, your body body, rock your body body  
Rock, your body body, rock your body body  
Rock, your body body, we came to  
Rock, your body body, rock your body body  
Rock, your body body, rock your body body  
Rock, your body body, rock your body body  
Rock, your body body, we came to

[SKG:]

Daddy rock a player body 'til I tell you to stop  
Hit the right spot if not leave money and kick rocks  
I'm a thug ho, I need a thug nigga up beside me  
A player that can ride me, a cat that can rob me  
Make a jazzy ho like me bust a sweat  
Hit it from the back, grab me by my neck, demand your respect  
I'm not a on my back ho, I ride the dick and hit it 'til it cold  
Bustin' fits of nuts, get 'em up  
I'm a Sagittarius freak, my real hoes feel me  
Legs open wide, nigga dick inside  
Like Barry White "Tonight's the Night" for you to hit it doggie style  
Lay me on my stomach while I'm countin' them hundreds  
Fake bitches wanna front like they don't wanna keep it real  
You know you want a thug nigga just to see how it feel  
Hoes wanna rock Gabbana, Dolce and Versace  
Let me rock your body mouth on my [?] call you Papi

Rock, your body body, rock your body  
Rock, your body body, rock your body

[2Pac:]

Yeah, like that? Yeah

[SKG:]

Rock, your body body, rock your body  
Rock, your body body, rock your body

[2Pac:]

Yeah, yeah, yeah, I feel you  
Do it, do it, do it, do it

[SKG:]

Yeah, uh, c'mon, uh

[2Pac & SKG:]

Rock, your body body, rock your body body  
Rock, your body body, rock your body  
Rock, your body body, rock your body  
Rock, your body (see)  
Your body body, rock your body body  
Rock, your body body, rock.

[2Pac:]

See, it all started simple, turned into me lickin' the nipples  
Fuckin' you doggie style to this instrumental  
Hands up, all up inside ya, hell I can stand ya  
Eyes open I don't plan to bust, just hold on  
Baby let me zone in, whaddy you mean?  
Can you scream let it go beotch, how does it feel?  
Got a nigga like steel in ya, to keep goin'  
Now I'm fuckin' like I'm killin' ya, let's go another round  
Baby is you down really, two shots of ecstasy  
Lick a nigga down silly, your body next to me  
I could touch you inside, and you'll cry  
So good when a nigga leave, you'll die  
My mama told me baby be a man put it on her

Hittin' bitches like, switches comin' around the corner  
I wanna let me get my ride on  
It's yo' dick baby but it's my song, now if you really want it  
Rock, your body body, rock your body  
Rock, your body body, and if you really want it

[SKG:] If you really want it  
[Pac:] Yeah, if you really want it

Gots to send this one out to the freaky bitches  
Definitely all the Scorpios, and the Geminis, and the Virgos  
You know I know the truth about you Scorpios and you Virgos  
No doubt gotta give it to the Capricorns  
They some freaks too on the down down  
The Libras, they like it even but they still like fuckin'  
No doubt, Aquariuses, Libras, I said those  
Leos, yeah they some freaks, Leos is freaks  
They always wanna run shit in bed  
Sagittarius, Taurus, Cancer, all you freaky fucks  
I'm a zodiac fucker I'll do you all one at a time  
And all down the line, let's get busy

Thanks to shauna\_james for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Tupac Shakur, Val Young, Lenton Hutton, Donna Hunter, Helecia Choyce

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Good Life"

(feat. Big Syke, E.D.I. Mean)

[2Pac:]

I was so money orientated, initiated as a thug  
Fiendin' for wicked adventures, ambitious as I was  
Picture a nigga on the verge of livin' insane  
I sold my soul for a chance to kick it and bang  
Now tell if I'm wrong  
But sayin' "Fuck the world" got you deeper in my songs  
Drinkin' 'til I earl, spendin' money 'til it's gone  
It's the good life - maybe niggas got it goin' on  
Now maybe if I died, and came back, wouldn't have to slang crack  
Addicted to the game, so obviously we came strapped  
Please forgive me for my wicked ways, fuck a bitch  
Bad Boy niggas eat a dick a day, bumpin' this  
Lord have mercy it's a slaughter  
So wicked that my tracks is wettin' niggas like it's water  
I learned my lessons as a thug in these wicked ass hood fights  
But I'm a baller now, nigga, I live the good life

[2Pac:]

This is the good life, fuck my foes  
God bless the dumb niggas that, trust the hoes  
Found a way to stack money guaranteed to rise  
And live the good life, 'cause thug niggas don't die  
See, we live the good life, fuck my foes  
God bless the dumb niggas that, trust these hoes  
Found a way to stack money guaranteed to rise  
And live the good life, 'cause thug niggas don't die

[Big Syke:]

No one knows what the, future holds, for you  
Haha, listen closely  
They say reach in yo' heart and you'll find your mind  
Every day in the streets, got my foresight blind  
My after time is narrow, peepin' down the barrel of a foe  
Just a nigga or a killer I don't know so  
Who makes the call will I fall a victim like the rest?  
Slug in the chest, one in the dome and make sure I'm gone  
Send me home all alone in these cold streets  
In desperation constantly drinkin' and I can't sleep  
Neck deep strugglin' tryin' to survive  
Some wanna die I wanna stay alive, eyes on the prize  
Let me modify this whole region  
I declare this sucker duckin' season, give me the reason  
Why I should change, into a softie  
.. after livin' so loftily  
It cost me my soul out of control in a devil's world  
Me, my niggas, and my girl - livin' the good life!

[2Pac:]

We live the good life, fuck my foes  
God bless the dumb niggas that, trust these hoes  
Found a way to stack money guaranteed to rise  
And live the good life, 'cause thug niggas don't die  
Uh ha, We live the good life, fuck my foes  
God bless the dumb niggas that, trust these hoes  
Found a way to stack money guaranteed to rise  
And live the good life, 'cause thug niggas don't die

*[E.D.I.:]*

I spend my days and nights not knowin' if, strays in flight  
Gon' finally catch me, it's the good life, can you hear me?  
Clearly over the edge, soon as I wake up  
Last night we off the hook, doin' way too much  
But it's the fast lane only, big dealin' big ceilin'  
All for the money, some kill some squeal  
All for the money, most ain't even real  
But we still call 'em homies, now what the fuck is that?  
Fake love, fake thugs are, all in the game  
I watch 'em all plot and fall while we come up and gain  
Outlaw never surrender is the call when you hear us comin'  
Bitch nigga get to runnin' 'fore my click get to gunnin'  
Still in the midst of all the stress and pain  
We still tryin' to get a hold of the game  
Livin' that good life

*[2Pac:]*

We live the good life, fuck my foes  
God bless the dumb niggas that, trust these hoes  
Found a way to stack money guaranteed to rise  
And live the good life, 'cause thug niggas don't die, uh  
We live the good life, fuck my foes  
God bless the dumb niggas that, trust these hoes  
Found a way to stack money guaranteed to rise  
And live the good life, 'cause thug niggas don't, uh  
We live the good life, fuck my foes  
God bless the dumb niggas that, trust these hoes  
Found a way to stack money guaranteed to rise  
And live the good life, 'cause thug niggas don't die, uh  
This is the good life, fuck my foes  
God bless the dumb bitches that, trust these hoes  
Found a way to stack money guaranteed to rise  
And live the good life, 'cause thug niggas don't die

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Letter 2 My Unborn"

To my unborn child...  
To my unborn child  
In case I don't make it  
Just remember, Daddy loves you

Now ever since my birth  
I've been cursed, since I'm born to wile  
In case I never get to holla at my unborn child  
Many things learned in prison, blessed and still livin'  
Trying to earn every penny that I'm gettin', I'm reminiscin'  
To the beginning of my mission  
When I was conceived and came to be in this position  
My momma was a Panther: loud single parent, but she proud  
When she witnessed baby boy rip a crowd  
Went to school, but I dropped out and left the house  
'Cause my mama say I'm good for nothing, so I'm out  
Since I only got one life to live, God forgive me for my sins  
Let me make it and I'll never steal again or deal again  
My only friend is my misery  
Wanting revenge for the agony they did to me  
See, my life ain't promised, but it's sure getting better  
Hope you understand my love letter, to my unborn child

*[Natasha Walker:]*

I'm writing you a letter  
This is to my unborn child  
Want to let you know I love you  
If you didn't know I feel this way  
'Cause I think about you every day  
I have so much to say

Seems so complicated to escape fate  
And you can never understand till we trade places  
Tell the world I feel guilty for being anxious  
Ain't no way in hell that I could ever be a rapist  
It's hard to face this cold world on a good day  
When will they let the little kids in the hood play?  
I got shot five times, but I'm still breathin'  
Living proof there's a God if you need a reason  
Can I believe in my own fate?  
Will I raise my kids in the right or the wrong way?  
Dear Mama, I'm a man now  
I wanna make it on my own, not a handout  
Make way for a whirlwind prophesized  
I wanna go in peace when I got to die  
On these cold streets, ain't no love, no mercy and no friends  
In case you never see my face again, to my unborn child

*[Natasha Walker:]*

I'm writing you a letter

This is to my unborn child  
Want to let you know I love you  
If you didn't know I feel this way  
'Cause I think about you every day  
I have so much to say

Dear Lord, can you hear me? Tell me what to say  
To my unborn seed in case I pass away  
Will my child get to feel love?  
Or are we all just cursed to be street thugs?  
'Cause being black hurts, and even worse if you speak first  
Living my life as an Outlaw – what could be worse?  
'Cause maybe if I tried to change  
Who'm I kidding? I'm a thug 'til I die; I'm a rider, mane  
Touch bases, eat lunch in plush places  
Regular criminal oasis awaits us  
If there's a ghetto for true thugs, I'll see you there  
And I'm sorry for not being there  
Just know your daddy was a soldier: Me Against the World  
Bless the boys and all my little girls  
To the Lord: I'm eternal, resting in peace  
Please take care of all my seeds, to my unborn child

Please take care of all my kids and my unborn child  
To my unborn child...

This letter goes out to my seeds that I might not get to see 'cause of this lifestyle  
Just know your daddy loved you  
Got nothing but love for you  
And all I wanted was for you to have a better life than I had  
'Cause I was out there on a 24 hour 365 grind  
When you get to be my age, you'll understand  
Just know I got love for you  
And I'll see you if there's a ghetto in Heaven  
If there's a ghetto Heaven, I'll be there waiting for you  
Heh heh, take care. Run wild, but be smart  
Follow the rules of the game  
I know sometimes there's confusion  
Rules of the game is gonna get you through it  
All day every day  
Watch out for these snakes and fakes  
Friends come a dime a dozen  
Be an individual, work hard  
Study, get your mind sharp, trust nobody

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Jackson Michael Joe, Jackson Johnny Lee, Higgins Channette M, Higgins Channoah L



# 2Pac Lyrics

"Breathin'"

(feat. Outlawz)

[2Pac:]

Who'll be the last motherfucker breathin'?  
Tell me, nigga, tell me  
Who'll be the last motherfucker breathin'?

[2Pac:]

Stressed, but busta free  
Enemies give me reason  
To be the last motherfucker breathin'  
Bustin' my automatic rounds  
Catch 'em while they sleepin'  
Now I'm the last motherfucker breathin'  
Stressed, but busta free  
Enemies give me reason  
To be the last motherfucker breathin'  
Bustin' my automatic rounds  
Catch 'em while they sleepin'  
Now I'm the last motherfucker breathin'

[2Pac:]

Woke up with 50 enemies plottin' my death  
All 50 seein' visions of me shot in the chest  
Couldn't rest, nah, nigga, I was stressed  
Had me creepin' 'round corners, homie, sleepin' in my vest  
Shit, I'm like a hostage on this troubled block; call the cops  
A thug nigga screamin', "Westside!", bustin' double Glockes  
Hittin' corners in my Chevy Suburban  
Liquor got me drivin' up on the curb  
Hand on the steerin' wheel, swervin'  
Bless me, Father, I'm a sinner, I'm livin' in hell  
Just let me live on the streets  
'Cause ain't no peace for me in jail  
Gettin' world-wide exposure  
With a bunch of niggas that don't give a fuck  
Ridin' as my soldiers  
I just release 'em on a war path, not your average dealer  
Westside, Outlaw; Bad Boy killer  
Complete my mission, my competition no longer beefin'  
I murdered all them bustas  
Now I'm the last motherfucker breathin'

[2Pac:]

Stressed, but busta free  
Enemies give me reason  
To be the last motherfucker breathin'  
Bustin' my automatic rounds  
Catch 'em while they sleepin'  
Now I'm the last motherfucker breathin'

*[Young Noble:]*

Make sure I hold my position, stand firm in the dirt  
For all my soldiers gone, we burnin' the Earth  
Outlawz, worldwide, we packed the block  
Shootin' rocks at the kid, I'll bust back for Pac  
Ask Yak, he'll tell you that it's hell down here  
Stale down here, too many jails down here  
Why you act like you don't hear me? Young Noble  
Outlaw 'til these motherfuckers kill me; I'm still breathin'

*[Napoleon:]*

Now, we was raised, "Fuck this life," my wrongs, my rights  
Holdin' on a tight grip, with death in my sight  
And the dark is my light, I'm cynical, sleep walkin' as a true  
Walk around town, with a pound full of bitter food  
Came a long way from my born day  
Dead away where there's war play  
Fuck friends! I'll say, rather die for my A-K  
With these fag ass niggas, see-through-glass ass niggas  
Only-ride-my-dick-and-the-skin-of-my-mash ass niggas

*[2Pac:]*

Stressed, but busta free  
Enemies give me reason  
To be the last motherfucker breathin'  
Bustin' my automatic rounds  
Catch 'em while they sleepin'  
Now I'm the last motherfucker breathin'

*[Kastro:]*

I walk around with a knife in my back  
Talkin' 'bout a bad day; I live a life like that  
It's severe, and I'm losin' my hair, bless a hooligan  
Catch me, I'm fallin' out flat, yo, I'm ruined, and  
Breathin' in sewer stench, no one give a fuck about me  
I learned to like it like that when I was still in Mommy  
The side of the city that the Devil run from  
In the belly of the beast  
That's where the fuck we come from; and still I'm breathin'!

*[E.D.I. Mean:]*

And still I'm totally wasted, they want me to face this  
Just lost two of my closest na'r, one of y'all can take this  
But I'm Makaveli trained, simple and plain  
We number one, motherfucker, 'bout to do it again  
Shit, Pac still doin' it, you hoes can't ruin it  
Two million every time he drop, I know you fuckers losin' it  
We movin' in, for the kill, for a meal, holdin' steel  
Hold the wheel  
I'm 'bout to give these niggas something they can feel  
Fakin' real, but we the raw and uncut  
Style-bitin' thug lyin' niggas, give it up!  
We hit 'em up

*[E.D.I.:]*

And we still breathin' and we still breathin'...

(Who'll be the last motherfuckers breathin'?)

*[2Pac:]*

Tell 'em! Nigga, tell 'em! (And we still breathin'...)  
Who'll be the last motherfuckers breathin'?

*[2Pac:]*

Stressed, but busta free  
Enemies give me reason  
To be the last motherfucker breathin'  
Bustin' my automatic rounds  
Catch 'em while they sleepin'  
Now I'm the last motherfucker breathin'  
Stressed, but busta free  
Enemies give me reason  
To be the last motherfucker breathin'  
Bustin' my automatic rounds  
Catch 'em while they sleepin'  
Now I'm the last motherfucker breathin'

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Beale Mutah W, Cooper Rufus Lee, Cox Katari T, Greenidge Malcolm R, Jackson Johnny Lee

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Happy Home"

[2Pac:]

Home man, hey (what's up). Let's turn this house into a happy home  
This for all the homeboys that couldn't get they happy home  
Let's turn this house into a happy home  
Long as one of us got it, some of us got it  
Let's turn this house into a happy home  
You know how that is, stay down for mine  
Outlaw, look

[2Pac:]

Now we've been kickin' it for quite some time  
Remained beside me through my trials in this life of crime  
We done fought so many times I forgot to count  
I never hit you, not a coward, rather leave your house  
Remember back in December when we was tight?  
Sippin' Alize and Cristal, whylin' every night - in my bedroom!  
Promised that I commit to you soon  
Tongue-kissed me every time you seen me step inside a room  
Straight out the hood  
We promised to be good to each other, plus I love you  
So I know you gon' make a good mother  
Just try to understand if I change in time  
It's only 'cause I never owned anything that's mine  
So I'm trying you can stay with my momma but keep the drama to a low  
Never call the police, I never call you bitch or ho'  
We were all born hungry in this world alone  
Finally moved out my mom's house, and got a happy home

[Singer (2Pac):]

Happy home.  
(let's turn this house into a happy home)  
Happy home.  
(finally made it out my mom's house, got a happy home)  
Happy home.  
(turn this house into a happy home)  
Happy home.

[2Pac:]

Born through hard times, ghetto child of mine  
I wonder if you have to suffer for your father's crimes  
To be honest it's a hard road  
Just keep your faith in God, knowin' you'll get scarred though  
Look at him walkin' and talkin', a lil' child with my eyes and mouth  
Father watch over lil' seeds, help me guide them out  
Had to change my whole lifestyle, married my baby's momma  
Made her my wife now, I'm tryin' hard y'all  
Maybe in time I'll be a better man  
Watchin' the older couples, handle it like veterans  
Show me the meanin' of forever and together we rise  
If it would help our child grow, then together we'd die

Why - question my love, it's so easy to see  
Without my family all I'm left with is a shadow of me  
After all the arguments, and the nights alone  
Now it's time to live the good life, inside a happy home

*[Singer (2Pac):]*

Happy home.

(turn this house into a happy home)

Happy home.

(finally got to live the good life inside a happy home)

Happy home.

(turn this house into a happy home)

Happy home.

(Happy home)

*[Singer (2Pac):]*

All these problems got me going

We got a family, of our own

I just wanna happy home

(turn this house into a happy home)

No man's made to stand alone

I promise I won't do you wrong

I just want a happy home

(finally made it out my mom's house, got a happy home)

*[Singer (2Pac):]*

Happy home.

(turn this house into a happy home)

Happy home.

(finally got to live the good life inside a happy home)

Happy home

(turn this house into a happy home)

Happy home.

(finally made it out my mom's house, got a happy home).

Happy home.

(Hey, haha, turn this house into a happy home)

(Long as one of us got it, some of us got it)

(Turn this house into a happy home)

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Wickliffe Dominick, Jackson Johnny Lee, Hubbard Darren Thomas, Big Simon, Rodgers Jimmy  
Jawara

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "All Out"

(feat. Outlawz)

*[Kastro (Napoleon):]*

We goin' all out, we goin' all out  
We goin' all out  
Watch your motherfuckin' mouth, niggas!  
(That's right, fuck these fag niggas!)  
Do it, do it, do it!

*[2Pac:]*

Come hell or high water, down to slaughter opposers  
Just another lost soul, stuck, callin' Jehovah  
Outlaw 'til it's over, brandish my strap, back like a cobra  
I stay drunk, 'cause I'm a mad man whenever sober  
On a one-man mission, my ambition's to hold up  
The rap game, while I pluck holes in niggas, like donuts  
And still down to die for all my soldiers, like hillbillies  
They don't fear me, so we feud, bringin' war to the city  
With each breath, death before dishonor  
Never let you swallow me, no apologies, your honor  
A general in war, I'm the first to bomb  
With a squad of trusted killers  
Quick to move shit heavily armed  
I'm similar to Saddam, sometimes I question who's sane  
Like fiends frantic for that last vein, stuck in the game  
I hit the scene like sandstorms, then transform, watch me  
I take the figure of 30 niggas who all got me  
While bitches wonderin' who shot me  
No love, keep a grudge, shootin' slugs like Muammar Gaddafi  
Murder my friends, build a new posse  
We takin' shots at paparazzi, go and fly now, nigga, like Rocky  
You got a lot of nerve to play me  
Another gay rapper, bustin' caps at Jay Z  
(Buck buck buck buck buck!) And still avoid capture  
While y'all caught up in the rapture, still after me  
I'm in Jamaica, sippin' daiquiris, no doubt  
We used to havin' nothin'  
Then grabbin' somethin' and bustin'  
Wanted to be the thug nigga that my old man wasn't  
I can't tour, fear of catchin' cases, litigation  
Niggas playa-hatin', got me crooked in all fifty states  
I'm screamin', "Death Row!"  
Throw my Westside, ain't no thang  
We was raised off drive-bys, brought up to bang  
We claim mob, M.O.B., if you be specific  
We control all cash from Atlantic-Pacific  
And get this: I'm hard to kill when I peel with this live spot  
Father, how the hell did I survive these five shots?  
Live it up or give it up, and like demons  
Late night, hear them screamin', "We goin' all out!"

*[E.D.I.:]*

We goin' all out, bomb first 'til they fall out  
Take them the war route, without a doubt  
Ball, which means we all ride if it's on  
Each nigga handle your own, bring it on strong  
If you got bills to pay, nigga, go all out  
Bustas playin' with your papes better go all out  
Tryna see the next day, nigga, go all out  
Obstacles in your way, you better go all out

*[Napoleon:]*

I'm on my last leg, walkin' through the belly of the beast  
Feelin' like I'm all out, drunk as can be  
It's plain to see, that we mob niggas hidin' in bushes  
Claimin' that they ride rough, but they softer than cushion  
They softer than bitches in the worst way, drownin' in blood  
Outlawz, my blood brothers, I'd die for these thugs  
Say hi to this slug, it's a shame how some niggas on the West Coast was ridin' with 'Pac, but when he died, they  
went pop  
I'm out in Jers, to the fullest, like some West Coast love  
But after 'Pac stopped rappin', it ain't no West Coast thug  
Just West Coast slut  
To my real niggas stuck in the street game, 'cause rappers like Jay Z be pumpin' Kool-Aid through they veins  
Is it true what I'm sayin'? Slap your soft ass to the floor  
And watch my fo'-fo' put peek holes through your door  
I ride or die, but these other fag niggas be bitin' this  
It's all from my heart when I was writin' this; all out!

*[E.D.I.:]*

We goin' all out, bomb first 'til they fall out  
Take them the war route, without a doubt  
Ball, which means we all ride if it's on  
Each nigga handle your own, bring it on strong  
If you got bills to pay, nigga, go all out  
Bustas playin' with your papes better go all out  
Tryna see the next day, nigga, go all out  
Obstacles in your way, you better go all out

*[Kastro:]*

Now, we all ride, and down to die; who with us?  
Speak up, or get treated like you comin' to kill us  
They ain't nothin' but squealers  
In this rap game, swearin' they rough  
Tattooed up, and now them niggas swearin' they 'Pac  
Stop that, and watch your back, we ain't forgot 'bout ya  
These Glocks hot, and when shot, it'll bring the bitch up out ya  
It's me, Kastro with the goattee  
Walkin' like a OG, 'cause all these fag motherfuckers owe me  
I pray to thug lords, like them motherfuckers holy  
Frontline soldier, 'til the Heavens call me  
I go all out, and if you real, you real  
Feel what I'm talkin' 'bout, 'cause this game is ill  
I live it, forbidden fruit, shoot, 'til they feel it  
Livin' proof, Pac breed niggas they can't deal with  
Holla back, right back, and watch your mouth  
Or get blood in it, what; we goin' all out, nigga!

*[E.D.I.:]*

We goin' all out, bomb first 'til they fall out  
Take them the war route, without a doubt  
Ball, which means we all ride if it's on  
Each nigga handle your own, bring it on strong  
If you got bills to pay, nigga, go all out  
Bustas playin' with your papes better go all out  
Tryna see the next day, nigga, go all out  
Obstacles in your way, you better go all out

*[E.D.I.:]*

Fool, you better go all out  
Keep goin' all out  
All my niggas goin' all out  
Without a muthafuckin' doubt  
Aye, you niggas just gon' think you gon' be uh  
Talkin' slick on all of these motherfuckin' records  
And we ain't gon' say shit  
Now it's 1999, it's a different grind  
Don't disrespect the Don  
It's still war, motherfuckers  
So let's see you act like you know

Writer(s): Amaru Shakur, Craig Venegas



# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Fuckin Wit The Wrong Nigga"

Niggas fuckin' with the wrong nigga

My seductive introduction be specific  
Still elusive, but exclusive's what I give you when I kick it  
And I'm still lifted; niggas can't get with Mr. Wicked  
Picture me flippin' my adversaries, gettin' the dick swiftly  
Niggas is swingin' wild, but they styles miss me  
You can bring that bitch, but your whole click will still get treated shitty  
Business never personal  
I'm up before the sun come up, I'm tired  
Just a ghetto star, a drop top double-R is what I'm ridin'  
Nigga, if you was half the man your bitch was  
Bring yo' artillery when you come for me, 'cause we sick thugs  
No hesitation when I pull and blast, 'cause Syke was bustin'  
Plus, Bo had 'em duckin', screamin', "Get they cash!"  
So now I got the law on me  
My phone's tapped So I had to send word through my lil' homies  
Tell them niggas this the year when they pull the trigger  
Shit, this is what you get, for fuckin' with the wrong nigga

This is what you get  
When you fuckin' with the wrong nigga  
Hehehehe, yeah, nigga, peep it

Before I lay me down to sleep, I pray and thank the Lord  
For givin' me another fruitful day  
I wanna be a peaceful, man, but still when niggas come for me  
All I can see is gettin' 'em killed  
For real, it's how I feel  
Reflect my thoughts, flowin' on these reels  
Make my enemies deal with my steel; they caps peeled  
We still cool, but you played yourself  
Give him the MAC and make him spray hisself, hey  
Fallin' legends clutchin' chrome three-five-seven  
Puttin' two bullets to they dome, wanted to die in Heaven  
Why call in shots? Nobody really as clear as me  
Ain't tryin' to help the feds get a case for conspiracy  
Murder, my foes get disposed of  
We all homies to the death, so my true niggas show me love  
God, forgive me for my lifestyle, a negative figure  
But why they fuckin' with the wrong nigga  
You know?

It's like, why you fuckin' with the wrong nigga?

I was raised by thugs, schooled by killers  
Learned my mathematics skills from real drug dealers  
Tried to rise, but they tried me  
I guess they all had to die, 'cause we tried peace  
I die in these streets

Blast 'til they recognize  
Still do or die, all my niggas gettin' high, watchin' time fly  
Best strategize on the way to profit  
Best organize how you ride, so they can't stop it  
Then keep it poppin', lot of busters wanna see me fall  
I fucked your bitch, and now this new shit, gon', fade 'em all  
My niggas ball, made a call for some back-up  
For lil' homies and my dogs in the black truck  
"Buck buck" was the sound as they gats burst  
No need for ambulance, baby, bring the black hearse  
Should've never fucked around, buster  
How you figure makin' moves on the wrong nigga

It's what it sounds like, ding ding ding.  
When you fuckin' with the wrong nigga  
Niggas gettin' hit, when they fuckin' with the wrong nigga  
Fuckin' with the wrong nigga

Thanks to Deadeye11w, jdrzblazza1 for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Tyrone J. Wrice, Tupac Amaru Shakur

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Thug N U Thug N Me (Remix)"

(feat. K-Ci & JoJo)

[2Pac:]

Ay come on JoJo ('Pac, hahaha)  
Yeah that type of shit (maybe it's the thug in me)  
You know what time it is (maybe it's the thug in me)

[2Pac:]

By age thirteen I was buckwild, good at my knuckle game  
Made it through a tough childhood never be the same  
Walked in my daddy's shoes  
No time to be a peaceful man had to shatter fools  
That's 'til I put my eyes on you  
God damn, sweetheart you got some thighs on you  
Now I can't wait to get you home, get you all alone  
In my bedroom, baby can we bone, and get it on  
Tell me lady how you like me  
and if you want it harder baby, come and bite me  
but do it lightly; cause that excites me to let it pop  
And if you lick me right, I'll do it all night  
Only got fucked by a drug dealer  
Never felt the real passion of a thug nigga (haha)  
Though I like the way you scream when you lovin' me  
I'm goin' deep, it's the thug in me  
So whatchu sayin' girl?

[K-Ci & JoJo (2Pac):]

A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you  
I got a lot of thug in me (Maybe it's the thug in me)  
That I wanna put in you (maybe it's the thug in you)  
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you  
I got a lot of thug in me (Maybe it's the thug in me)  
That I wanna give to you girl (Maybe it's the thug in you)

[2Pac:]

Moan baby when we bone it's on  
It's so strong niggas in the next room'll cum  
I got ya head swingin'  
Tongue kissin', as I hit it from the back with the bed ringin' (haha)  
Give me space, as I lick ya face, stick the place  
Synchronize so I drive when they kick the bass  
Love fuckin' in tha mo'nin'  
I get ya wet and bust a sweat, then I'm gone  
Left you on yo' own girl  
Tell me what you feel like  
Blindfolded, I'm cold do it real nice - that's if it feel right  
Maybe it's the thug in me  
I pull ya hair while we fuckin' in the chair, when ya lovin' me  
Up against the wall, you can have it all; just try  
Bet my kiss, to get you high, don't pass by  
Grab me by my nuts when I'm lovin' you

Now open up and let me put the thug in you

*[K-Ci & JoJo (2Pac):]*

A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you  
I got a lot of thug in me (Maybe it's the thug in me)  
That I wanna put in you (maybe it's the thug in you)  
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you  
I got a lot of thug in me (Maybe it's the thug in me)  
That I wanna give to you girl (Maybe it's the thug in you)

*[2Pac:]*

Say baby what's your phone number?  
Be warned, I'm like a storm with my own thunder  
I make the room rumble, in and out long stroke  
Hold ya breath now, close your eyes deep throat  
Did you like it? Oh I'm excited!  
Cause it's a party in my bedroom, you're invited  
C'mon now, let me see ya shake your rump  
Tell me, how long will it take to cum  
Havin' fun, do it one on one and we can all get involved  
First y'all do me, then I'll fuck y'all  
When you call me the next day  
to get sexed by a nigga in the best way  
Yeah baby it's a price to pay  
Only play in the fast lane  
When you a hustler, motherfuck a cash came  
I gotcha goin' wild, cause I'm lovin' you  
Drugged out with this motherfuckin' thug in you

*[K-Ci & JoJo (2Pac):]*

A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you  
I got a lot of thug in me (Maybe it's the thug in me)  
That I wanna put in you and you  
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you  
I got a lot of thug in me (Maybe it's the thug in me)  
That I wanna give to you girl (Maybe it's the thug in you)  
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you  
I got a lot of thug in me  
That I wanna put in you and you (Maybe it's the thug in you)  
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you  
I got a lot of thug in me (Maybe it's the thug in me)  
That I wanna give to you girl

*[Singing:]*

Gotta be a thug in ya (thug in me)  
A little bit of thug in me, a little bit of thug in ya  
A little bit of thug in me  
I hold a lot of thug in me, you hold a lot of thug in ya  
I hold a lot of thug in me  
I hold a lot of thug in me, I hold a lot of thug in ya  
I hold a lot of thug in me  
Now c'mon, I hold a lot of thug in me  
Hold a lot of thug in you, hold a lot of thug in me  
C'mon, hold a lot of thug in me  
Gotta be some thug in ya, gotta be some thug in me  
C'mon, hold a lot of thug in me

I gotta be some thug in ya  
Can you feel it?  
I hold a lot of thug in me, I gotta be some thug in ya  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Do you want it?  
I hold a lot of thug in me, feel like some thug in ya

*[Collision over singing:]*

I don't wanna talk, I don't want no explanations  
I don't got no motherfuckin' explanations, y'knahmsayin?  
It's the thug in me  
Don't be askin' why I'm pullin' your hair  
And why I fuck so motherfuckin' thuggish  
That thug passion, y'knahmean?  
Bitch, no mercy  
What you scared of? Didn't you come over here to get fucked?  
You ain't come over here for me to be  
Strokin', and all that bullshit  
You came over here to get fucked  
Shit, if I ain't fuck you thug style  
Bitch you'd leave my house talkin' bout, "2Pac can't serve me"  
Won't have me crossed up in that bullshit, hahaha  
Turn over! Maybe it's the thug in me!

Writer(s): Johnny Lee Jackson, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Joel Lamonte Hailey, J. Peyton, Cedric R. Hailey

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Everything They Owe"

(feat. Timothy)

[2Pac]

Imagine if we could go back  
Actually talk to the motherfuckers that persevered (hehehe)  
I mean the first motherfuckers that came in the slave ships  
(Hey, excuse me, excuse me) Y'know? (Look)

[2Pac]

We back for everything you owe, no longer oppressed  
Cause now we overthrow those that placed us in this rotten mess  
But let's agree on strategy and pick out enemies right  
Who stands accused of the abuse my own, kind do right  
Pardon, not disregardin' what you thinkin' but you must abandon ship  
Cause once I rip your whole shit is sinkin'  
Supreme ideology, you claim to hold  
Claimin' that we all drug dealers with empty souls  
That used to tempt me to roll, commit to violence  
In the midst of an act of war, witnesses left silent  
Shatter, black talon style, thoughts I throw  
It remains in your brain then of course it grows  
Maybe, even your babies can produce and rise  
Picture a life where black babies can survive past five  
But we must have hope, quotin' the reverend from the pulpit  
Refuse to turn the other cheek we must defeat the evil culprit  
Lace me with words of destruction and I'll explode  
But supply me with the will to survive, and watch the world grow  
This ain't bout talkin' 'bout problems, I bring solutions  
Where's the restitution, stipulated through the constitution  
You violated, now I'm back to haunt your nights  
Listen to the screams, of the lives you sacrificed  
And in case you don't know, ghetto born black seeds still grow  
We comin' back, for everything you owe

I'm comin' collectin' the shit that belong to me  
Motherfuckers are runnin' and duckin'  
I'm a crazy nigga on a mission wit' a bad mentality  
Armed with missiles guns grenades  
Pull out the pin, free I'm comin'

[2Pac]

How do you plead Mr. Shakur, how do you plead?  
How do I plead?  
Yes sir, how do you plead?  
Shit, you know how I plead  
C'mon!  
Psssh

[2Pac]

Not guilty on the grounds of insanity it was them or me  
Bustin' at my innocent family, say they lookin' for ki's

I was home alone, blind to the prelude  
Bust in, talkin' bout, "Where is the quaaludes?" What you say fool?  
Where in the hell is the search warrant?  
No feedback is what he uttered, before he screamed "Nigga motherfucker"  
Dropped me to my knees, I proceed to bleed  
Sufferin' a rain of blows to my hands and knees  
Will I survive, is God watchin'?  
I grab his gat and bust in self-defense, my only option  
God damn!  
Now they got me goin' to the county jail  
And my family can't pay this outrageous bail  
Try to offer me a deal, they told me if I squeal  
Move me, and my people, to a mansion in Brazil  
Not me, so this is how it ends, no friends  
I'll be stressed and they just, repossessed my Benz  
Told the judge it was self-defense, he won't listen  
So I'm bumpin' this in federal prison, givin' everything I owe

I'm comin' collectin' the shit that belong to me  
Motherfuckers are runnin' and duckin'  
I'm a crazy nigga on a mission wit' a bad mentality  
Armed with missiles guns grenades  
Pull out the pin, free I'm comin'  
I'm comin' collectin' the shit that belong to me  
Motherfuckers are runnin' and duckin'  
I'm a crazy nigga on a mission wit' a bad mentality  
Armed with missiles guns grenades  
Pull out the pin, free I'm comin'

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Jackson Johnny Lee

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Until The End Of Time"

(feat. RL (Next))

[2Pac:]

Perhaps I was addicted to the dark side  
Somewhere inside my childhood witnessed my heart die  
And even though we both came from the same places  
The money and the fame made us all change places  
How could it be? Through the misery that came to pass  
The hard times make a true friend afraid to ask  
For currency, but you could run to me when you need  
And I'll never leave, honestly  
Someone to believe in, as you can see  
It's a small thing to a true, what could I do?  
Real homies help you get through  
And come to know he'd do the same thing if he could  
'Cause in the hood, true homies make you feel good  
And half the times we be actin' up, call the cops  
Bringin' a cease to the peace that was on my block  
It never stops, when my mama ask me will I change  
I tell her "Yeah," but it's clear  
I'll always be the same; until the end of time

[R.L. Huggar:]

So take these broken wings  
I need your hands to come and heal me once again  
(Until the end of time)  
So I can fly away, until the end of time  
Until the end of time, until the end of time

[2Pac:]

Please, Lord, forgive me for my life of sin  
My hard stare seem to scare all my sister's kids  
So you know, I don't hang around the house much  
This all night money making got me outta touch  
Shit, ain't flashed a smile in a long while  
An unexpected birth worst of the ghetto child  
My attitude got me walking solo  
Ride out alone in my lo-lo  
Watching the whole world move in slow-mo  
For quiet times, disappear, listen to the ocean  
Smoking 'Ports, think my thoughts, then it's back to coastin'  
Who can I trust in this cold world?  
My phony homie had a baby by my old girl  
But I ain't trippin', I'm a player, I ain't sweatin' him  
I sexed his sister, had her mumble like a Mexican  
His next of kin, no remorse, it was meant to happen  
Besides rappin' the only thing I did good was scrappin'  
Until the end of time...

[R.L. Huggar:]

So take these broken wings



I need your hands to come and heal me once again  
(Until the end of time)  
So I can fly away, until the end of time  
Until the end of time, until the end of time

*[2Pac:]*

Now who's to say if I was right or wrong  
To live my life as an outlaw all along?  
Remain strong in this planet full of player haters  
They conversate, but Death Row full of demonstrators  
And in the end, drinking Hennessy  
Made all my enemies envy me  
So cold when I flow, eliminatin' easily  
Falls to they knees, they plead for they right to breathe  
While beggin' me to keep the peace (haha)  
When I conceive closer to achieve  
In times of danger, don't freeze, time to be a G  
Follow my lead, I'll supply everything you need  
An ounce of game and the training to make a g  
Remember me as an outcast Outlaw  
Another album out, that's what I'm about, more  
Getting raw 'til the day I see my casket, buried as a G  
While the whole world remembers me, until the end of time

*[R.L. Huggar:]*

So take these broken wings  
I need your hands to come and heal me once again  
(until the end of time)  
So I can fly away, until the end of time  
Until the end of time, until the end of time

Thanks to Femcee Evil, weezy, bugmee, zain, kklizzle for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Page Richard James, George Steven Park, Jackson Johnny Lee, Lang John Ross

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Big Syke Interlude"

(feat. Big Syke)

*[Big Syke:]*

Thug life, microphone check  
Outlaw microphone check  
Where you bitch niggas coming from?  
You don't know, look like you a seed  
From Makaveli The Don

I can hear your style, sounds like Makaveli The Don  
2Pac, my nigga  
So much trouble in the world nigga  
These niggas can't feel your pain  
Thug life, outlaw forever  
Oh you bitch niggas

The hardest nigga  
Ever to touch this microphone  
Got you bitch niggas trailin' his tail  
I don't know if you catch up, but yet and still  
Keep trying nigga, keep trying nigga  
Thug life, Outlaw forever nigga  
Eternity, infinity  
So remember Makaveli The Don  
His thug life lives on

Writer(s): Big Simon Says, Tyruss Himes

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "My Closest Roaddogz"

(feat. Timothy, Shiro)

Here me and my closest road dogs  
To my dog named Mussolini (you know it dog)  
Big Syke (Westside)  
Thug Life, baby (outlaw)  
The return of the mashers, you know how we do it  
Hahaha!

Shit half the times we fought and caused trouble  
My closest road dog it was cool cause I love you  
Fuck what they talkin' bout  
Let me take you back in time, rewind to eighty-nine  
Introduced me to this life of crime, but we was blind  
Little nappy-haired juveniles, livin' wild  
No smiles on our faces, thirteen catchin' cases  
Indeed, it was misery  
Driven by my own demons, cause they was killin' me  
How can I be sure I'll be saved soon?  
Catch me dip into the light, of a stray moon  
It's gettin' deeper now, let me get yo' mind right  
Fuck yo' enemies, nigga grip yo' nine tight, tonight's the night  
Murder murder Mr. Lucifer  
Pictures of the devil DUCK when he shoot at cha, it's all political  
Runnin' from the future, escapin' in the fog  
Live yo' life like a hog nigga, me and my closest road dogz

Every ghetto street got a crosswalk  
Let me get to the other side with my road dogz  
(me and my closest road dog)  
All roam in the scary place called home  
Take a second victim and if they all gone, my closest road dogz  
Every ghetto street got a stop sign  
Can I trust in you my road dogz on mine?  
Even when I'm goin' through hard times  
I still got my closest road dogz lookin' out for all mine

Haha.. bring artillery and ROLL with a nigga  
They could never take the soul of a M.O.B. soldier nigga  
Cowards get rolled up, mob on 'em Makaveli  
Boy you's a boss player, that's what all the bitches tell me  
Even if I died now  
I live my life eternally and never lie down, why cry now?  
Fooled a few but never 'came a gamer  
Ain't tryin' to hear it  
Evil spirits hide at total strangers, yo' life's in danger  
Prepare nigga be aware, cause we ain't scared  
M.O.B., 'til I die, when we ride niggas disappear  
Fill 'em up with pistol smoke  
Never forget to blow a hole in his head  
For leakin' information to the feds

The burnin' bed was the tellin' sign  
Two hired guns bustin' everyone, yellin' everybody die  
Why the fuck they fuck around, we left 'em in the fog  
Bleedin' like a stuck hog, me and my closest road dogz

Every ghetto street got a crosswalk  
Let me get to the other side with my road dogz  
(Bleedin' like a stuck hog, me and my closest road dogz)  
All roam in the scary place called home  
Take a second victim and if they all gone, my closest road dogz  
Every ghetto street got a stop sign  
Can I trust in you my road dogz on mine?  
Even when I'm goin' through hard times  
I still got my closest road dogz lookin' out for all mine

Fuck they feelings, that's what they get for squealin'  
That's the pressures of a gangsta, dangerous this drug dealin'  
See me in physical form, my niggas swarm  
Take the figure of a circle beatin' jealous niggas 'til they purple  
Simon Says take they heads homies  
and send them phony motherfuckers to dwell with all they dead homies  
Fishin' for fake niggas, observe and shake niggas  
The only way to see six figures, is break niggas  
Me and Mussolini set to ride we high  
Big Bogart got the alibi, homicide ask us why  
Labeled a Capo in the mob as big as the globe  
To live and die as a millionaire, on ..  
Set to explode, my M.O., is kill them hoes  
My pistol's like a disease, my enemies and foes  
Get murdered and disposed of, we in the fog  
Makaveli the Don, and my closest road dogz

Every ghetto street got a crosswalk  
Let me get to the other side with my road dogz  
(my closest road dogz)  
All roam in the scary place called home  
Take a second victim and if they all gone, (my closest road dogz)  
Every ghetto street got a stop sign  
Can I trust in you my road dogz on mine?  
Even when I'm goin' through hard times  
I still got my closest road dogz lookin' out for all mine  
Every ghetto street got a crosswalk  
Let me get to the other side with my road dogz  
All roam in the scary place called home  
Take a second victim and if they all gone, my closest road dogz  
Every ghetto street got a stop sign  
Can I trust in you my road dogz on mine?  
Even when I'm goin' through hard times  
I still got my closest road dogz lookin' out for all mine

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Niggaz Nature Remix"

(feat. Lil' Mo)

*[Lil' Mo:]*

2Pac and Lil' Mo, hmm, how gangsta is that?  
Hehe... ooooh-oooh, ooooh-oooh, ooooh-oooh

*[\*Mo keeps harmonizing in the background\*]*

*[2Pac:]*

One two to a nigga nature, haha.  
No need to cry now, go wipe your tears, be a woman  
Why you actin' surprised? You saw the bullshit  
Comin' fake hair, fake nails, fake eyes too  
So why you, bound to fuck wit fake guys too  
Ain't nothin' hard about it why you lookin' sad? Shoulda though about it  
Say you learned, I truly doubt it  
I guess you got a problem with affection, kinda loose with the love  
Gettin' freaky with the thug niggas up in the club  
Ask to buy you a drink, you holla Dom Pérignon  
Knowin' I'm a cash getter still I, remain calm  
Let you chill with me; plus you was smilin' 'til the bill miss me  
That's what you get for tryin' to dick me  
Missed me with that "Buy me this, buy me that" syndrome shit  
Bitch get a job if you wanna be rich  
Gettin' mad cause I cursed and I scream I hate'cha  
Introduced you to a nigga nature, feel me?

*[Lil' Mo:]*

Kissed the girls, made them cry  
Thuggin' life, and gettin' high  
Why you gangsta, all the time?  
That's a thug's nature (that's a nigga nature)  
Though sometimes, I can deal with it  
I realize, that I'm feelin' it  
It's a love and hate relationship  
But that's a thug's nature

*[2Pac:]*

I'm probably too nice at first, I let you kiss me where it hurts  
Me and you gettin' busy, slingin' dick in the dirt  
Met you at a pool party it was cool to kick it  
See us, tounge-kissin', you was truly with it  
Little ecstasy, Hennessy, mix with me  
Picture me pay for pussy when the dick's for free  
Hey now, where my niggas at? Tell these hoes  
Before I pay; I jerk off, word to Moses  
Visions of you sittin' there sweaty and wet  
Pointin' to the places that you want me to hit  
Give me room all up in the womb, call the cops  
Nigga, hittin' walls 'til them bastard drop  
Label me Makaveli - thug nigga with bite

Livin' life like a rock star's Friday night  
Make money, get pussy, always keep a pager  
Cell phone in the ride to complete my nature now!

*[Lil' Mo:]*

Kissed the girls, made them cry  
Thuggin' life, and gettin' high  
Why you gangsta, all the time?  
That's a thug's nature  
Though sometimes, I can deal with it  
I realize, that I'm feelin' it  
It's a love and hate relationship  
But that's a thug's nature

*[2Pac:]*

Haha, started as a seed from the semen; straight outta papa's nuts  
Lustin' for creamin' - bitches with big butts  
Curves make a nigga cry, tits and shit  
When I'm locked down beggin' you for porno flicks  
Sneak weed in, help a nigga pass the time  
Put my name tattooed so that ass is mine  
Tell everybody; 'Pac put it down for good  
A local legend through the whole hood, follow me  
I got a gun on me, goin' for none on the run baby  
You know a nigga need some, is my son crazy?  
Why I cry, when I be thuggin' 'til I die  
Picture a nigga in heaven, high off weed I fly  
Got me missin' dead homies wishin' phonies would die  
Hit the weed and hope it get me high; dear God  
Understand my ways, livin' major  
Blessed with a thug's heart and a real live nigga nature

*[Lil' Mo:]*

Kissed the girls, made them cry  
Thuggin' life, and gettin' high  
Why you gangsta, all the time?  
That's a thug's nature (that's a nigga nature)  
Though sometimes, I can deal with it  
I realize, that I'm feelin' it  
It's a love and hate relationship  
But that's a thug's nature (cause that's a nigga nature)  
Kissed the girls, made them cry  
Thuggin' life, and gettin' high  
Why you gangsta, all the time?  
That's a thug's nature (hey, just be a nigga nature)  
Though sometimes, I can deal with it  
I realize, that I'm feelin' it  
It's a love and hate relationship  
But that's a thug's nature (cause that's a nigga nature)

*[2Pac & Lil' Mo:]*

It ain't my fault  
Hehe, Q.D., where you be? Ah  
Don't blame me blame my momma, a nigga nature

*[Lil' Mo harmonizing:]*

QDIII, and Lil' Mo  
2Pac, puttin' it down fo' sho' ("cause that's a nigga nature")  
I realize, that I'm feelin' it  
Cause that's a thug nature  
Though sometimes I can deal with it  
I realize, I'm feelin' it  
Love and hate, relationship  
Cause that's a thug's nature ("cause that's a nigga nature")  
Yeah yeah yeah, yeah yeah yeah.  
Yeah yeah, and that's a thug's nature

Where you at? Holla

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "When Thugz Cry"

When thugs cry  
Now I lay me down to sleep  
I pray the Lord my guns to keep  
If I die before I wake  
I pray the Lord my soul to take  
Got us dyin'  
When thugs cry, times is hard

Born thuggin', and lovin' the way I came up  
Big money clutchin', bustin' while evadin' cocaine busts  
My pulse rushin', semi clutchin' into insanity  
They shot at my cousin, now we bustin' at they whole family  
The coppers wanna see me buried, I ain't worried  
I got a line on the D.A. 'cause I'm fuckin' his secretary  
I black out and start cussin', bust 'em and touch 'em all  
They panic, and bitches duckin', I rush 'em and fuck 'em all  
I'll probably be an old man before I understand  
Why I have to live my life with pistols close at hand  
Kidnapped my homie's sister, cut her face up bad  
They even raped her, so we blazed they pad  
Automatic shots rang out, on every block  
They puttin' hits out on politicians, even cops  
I ain't lyin', they got me sleepin' with my infrared beams  
And in my dreams I hear motherfuckers screamin'  
What is the meanin' when thugs cry?

*[Singer (2Pac):]*

Oh, why should you send your child off to die?  
In the streets of chalk where they lie  
Let no wrongs cry out when thugs cry, dear God (when thugs cry)  
Oh my, does it have to be this way?  
Our children of today won't stay wise  
Let the children hear when thugs cry, dear God, oh why?

Maybe my addiction to friction got me buggin'  
Where is the love?, never quit my ambition to thug  
Ain't shed a tear since the old school years of elementary  
Niggas I used to love, enclosed in Penitentiaries  
But still, homie, keep it real, how does it feel  
To lose your life, over something that you did as a kid?  
You all alone, no communication, block on the phone  
Don't get along with your pop, and plus your moms is gone  
Where did we go wrong? I put my soul in the song  
To help us grow in time, but now our minds are gone  
We went from brothers and sisters to niggas and bitches  
We went from welfare livin' to worldwide riches  
But somethin' changed in this dirty game, everything's strange  
Lost all my homies over cocaine, mayne  
See, they ask me if I shed a tear, I ain't lie  
See, you gotta get high or die, 'cause even thugs cry



Oh, why should you send your child off to die?  
In the streets of chalk where they lie  
Let no wrongs cry out when thugs cry, dear God  
Oh my, does it have to be this way?  
Our children of today won't stay wise  
Let the children hear when thugs cry, dear God, oh why?

And all I see is these paranoid bitches, illegal adventures  
Bustin' motherfuckers with uppercuts, I leave 'em with dentures  
'Cause in my criminal mind, nobody violates the Don  
I write your name wit' a piece of paper, now your family's gone  
Why perpetrate like you can handle my team?  
So merciless in my attack I take command of your dreams  
Leavin' motherfuckers drownin' in they own blood  
Clownin', takin' pictures later  
Laugh 'bout them punk bitches that turned snitches  
Regulate my area, the terror I represent  
Makin' your people disappear, you wonderin' where they went  
Am I cold, or is it just I sold my soul?  
Addicted to these streets, never find true peace I'm told  
Come take my body, God, don't let me suffer any longer!  
Smoke a pound of marijuana, so I know it ain't long  
Where is the end to all my misery, is there a close?  
I suppose that's why I murder my foes; when thugs cry

Oh, why should you send your child off to die?  
In the streets of chalk where they lie  
Let no wrongs cry out when thugs cry, dear God  
Oh my, does it have to be this way?  
Our children of today won't stay wise  
Let the children hear when thugs cry, dear God, oh why?

Oh, why should you send your child off to die?  
In the streets of chalk where they lie  
Let no wrongs cry out when thugs cry, dear God  
Oh my, does it have to be this way?  
Our children of today won't stay wise  
Let the children hear when thugs cry, dear God, oh why?

I shed tattooed tears for years  
For my dead homeboys and my prison peers  
Y'all ain't never heard my cries  
Now you wonder why would you die?

Thanks to deathrow2, babiegurlsthugin for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Jackson Johnny Lee, Peyton Jewell

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "U Don't Have 2 Worry"

[2Pac:]

Yo c'mon man, what do you mean you don't wanna ride with me, nigga  
C'mon, get in the car, get in the fuckin' car, man  
Yo why you trippin' man? Get in the fuckin' car, man  
Get in the fuckin' car, get in the car  
(Heh, say you, you scared to ride in my car  
'Cause you, you think niggas gon' be blastin' at it  
It ain't even that deep baby)

[2Pac:]

You don't have to worry you can ride with me now  
Niggas are quick to scream how they die for me now  
Only got one clique, they Outlawz on the Row  
Fair exchange when we fuck them hoes

[2Pac:]

Repetitive blows are thrown, to my foes  
No love shown get disposed of blasted full blown  
My unknown tendencies to mash my comp  
Gettin' wicked with my ski-mask, find the stash and dump  
While niggas run I'm the last one standin', the rest die  
Victims of my lethal chrome cannon, Westside  
Though it's worldwide no one can deny my views  
Tracked it to my very fabric once the plastic blew  
Five shots changed my whole life, throats were slit  
Niggas die by my orders when I wrote this shit  
Though we go back like wild knights at Latin Quarters  
Niggas tried to kill me, and I fed their wife and their daughters  
Blazed the weed, draped they seeds, gave 'em cash  
Pass the fame and let the game go rollin' past  
Why you change, it's a cold world taught me life  
Retaliation proves niggas never caught me right  
Say they shot me in my nuts, out of luck  
Quit bullshit nigga 'cause I'm still fuckin' yo' bitch  
Niggas got me twisted in a bad way, why you change?  
Fuck with me, all this shit pay, nigga fuck the fame

[Young Noble:]

Y'all remember "Hit 'Em Up," don't make us do it once more  
Yo' niggas know, you ain't fuckin' with them Out-lawz  
We keep souljas, souljas from Compton to Brooklyn  
Your the type to get sniped, when the cops is lookin'  
Don't nobody give a fuck 'cause you done crossed the game  
Lost in fame, and you should take, all the blame  
You made yo' bed nigga lay in it  
You scared to come up out that cell nigga stay in it  
It's not a game only got one click we Outlawz from the do'  
Dirt stains when I buck on the fo', you kissin' the flo'  
We dirty as the motherfuckin' streetz of Jerz  
We sweep niggas with the words though the heat's preferred

Holla

[2Pac:]

You don't have to worry you can ride with me now  
Niggas are quick to scream how they die for me now  
Only got one click, they Outlawz on the Row  
Fair exchange when we fuck them hoes, let the punks know

[E.D.I.:]

'Pac I wish I was in the motherfuckin' car wit'cha  
I'd have took every bullet that they threw, hand of God, nigga  
I only got one click, Outlawz 'til I'm gone  
Heavy in the game and we comin' for they fuckin' throne  
The love is gone well it is what it is  
And plottin' on us, they best be prayin' for they kids, mayne  
You don't have to worry 'cause I ride for ya  
Like K said over loyal we even tell 'bout a lie for ya  
You put me in the game and dog I owe it all to ya  
And when it get to poppin' I'ma fuckin' ball for ya  
And everything I do gon' have your names on it  
I'll never let them forget I put my seeds on it

[Napoleon:]

You gon' die before yo' time, come face the truth  
In the middle of the desert nigga lace your boots  
As a youth, hundred proof, tap my chest is a dead rest  
You studio niggas still remind your vest  
Why the fuck you ain't done yet, swallow yo' teeth  
In the field you woulda been need a straw when you eat  
Fuck a glock nine that shit is weak on the streets  
And if you can't strategize then you just can't eat  
If your life in another nigga hand, you dead  
And if it's beef and your man disappear then don't sweat it  
Another fake nigga usin' my strengths to get credit  
I mean you might face sound scared but your heartbeat said it

[2Pac:]

You don't have to worry you can ride with me now  
Niggas are quick to scream how they die for me now  
Only got one click, they Outlawz on the Row  
Fair exchange when we fuck these hoes, let the punks know

[Kastro:]

I was born ugly, unlucky and dusty  
But now I'm a rider, connivin' gutsy  
And I don't trust nobody, so don't nobody trust me  
And that's how I'ma go about it 'til somebody bust me  
I play for keeps like the OG's raised me  
If I sleep I won't eat, who gonna feed my baby?  
And I think I'm goin' crazy 'cause my hair is gettin' thinner  
I've been drinkin' on the daily, I can hardly remember  
I got - bad nerves, paranoia destroyed me  
I love the Lord but the church can't cure me  
I sleep light, I wake peekin' out my window  
With guns under my mattress and guns under the pillow  
And that's the way it's gonna be 'til they bury me

But don't twist it 'cause none of y'all niggas worry me

*[Young Noble & Kastro:]*

What the fuck you didn't know?

Kizza-Kastro, Young Noble with the criminal flow

You nervous nelly ass niggas belly up in the river, no dizoubt

My niggas couldn't fade me with some clippers

You put it down, look all around, 'til we find you we hound

Penitentiary bound, to remind you

*[Kadafi:]*

Kadafi I bring the lingo to the click

Tasty like a Pringle, sneakin' through your chimney like Kris Kringle

On some shit, get me fee to let my ice click Ka-pling, ka-plow I been a thug shootin' slugs since a child

*[2Pac:]*

You don't have to worry you can ride with me now

Niggas are quick to scream how they die for me now

Only got one click, they Outlawz on the Row

Fair exchange when we fuck these hoes, let the punks know

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Beale Mutah W, Cooper Rufus Lee, Cox Katari T, Greenidge Malcolm R, Snoopy, Fula Yafeu A,  
Hunter Donna T

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "This Ain't Livin"

(feat. Vanessa)

This ain't livin', nigga!

[2Pac:]

I hear even the smaller G's be dippin' Chevy Impalas  
While flossin' their gold D's, O.G.'s, is who they follow  
We swallow tomorrow's seed, what we leave is hollow  
We feed violence and greed, let 'em lead tomorrow  
In time, they grip a nine, sippin' wine, they rap  
Still I be starin', watch the parents sacrifice their child  
The love's gone, a thug's home, with no love  
Feelin' so strong, make young boys into drug dealers  
Now one for adolescents, now dos for those  
Keep your friends by your side, even close your foes  
Now three for Johnny Law tryin' to take my chips  
I never pulled the trigger, didn't touch that bitch  
Throw your hands in the air, it's a robbery  
(censored) 'Pac, would you ride with me?  
Let's go see what our enemies talkin' 'bout  
When G's enter the house nobody's walkin' out  
This ain't livin', it's similar to prison, we're trapped  
My homies jealous plus they tell us that the phones is tapped  
I watch my back twenty-fo' seven  
And never let a busta send a G to ghetto heaven, you know  
This is how it goes when we floss with flows  
Before I toss your ho, it'll cost you mo'  
I do shows, make a lot of dough, murder my foes  
But I'd give it all up, if it would help you grow  
This ain't livin'

[Vanessa (2Pac):]

Takes a life to make a life, takes a life  
Livin' in the world of crime and I, takes a life  
(This ain't livin')  
Can't find a better way to break through  
(This ain't livin', I gotta do what I gotta do)  
(This ain't livin')  
Takes a life to make a life, takes a life  
Livin' in the world of crime and I, takes a life  
Can't find a better way to break through  
This ain't livin', I gotta do what I gotta do

[2Pac:]

Peep it – gunfire is produced at alarmin' rates  
Today's youth, quick to shoot, get in the car and break  
"It Takes a Nation of Millions" if we intend to stop the killin'  
Just search your feelings, participatin' should be appealin'  
They're our seeds and when they bleed, we bleed  
That's what becomes of lonely children, they turn to G's  
Heavenly father can you rescue

My young nation, rest the Lord will protect you, respect due  
Not a threat as I step in blue, and check those  
That oppose when I froze them fools  
And who are you, to watch me fall farther?  
I disappeared, reappeared as the (censored)  
Follow me now  
Skippin' class, and livin' fast, will get your ass  
Stuck in the Pen', doin' life plus ten  
Young brother pump your brakes for me  
Before you choke, won't you soak up some game from your big homie  
This ain't livin', we givin' you jewels, use 'em as tools  
Explode on they industry and fade them fools  
You know the rules, gotta be a rider  
You can run the red lights but read the street signs, hey  
This for all of y'all that keep on raisin' hell  
Put a pistol in your hand and let you fade yourself  
It ain't right, what you put your momma through, young G  
Gotta change your life, take the game from me  
This ain't livin'

*[Vanessa:]*

Takes a life to make a life (takes a life)  
Livin' in the world of crime and I (takes a life)  
Can't find a better way to break through  
This ain't livin', I gotta do what I gotta do  
Takes a life to make a life (takes a life)  
Livin' in the world of crime and I (takes a life)  
Can't find a better way to break through  
This ain't livin', I gotta do what I gotta do  
Takes a life to make a life (takes a life)  
Livin' in the world of crime and I (takes a life)  
Can't find a better way to break through  
This ain't livin', I gotta do what I gotta do  
Takes a life to make a life (takes a life)  
Livin' in the world of crime and I (takes a life)  
Can't find a better way to break through  
This ain't livin', I gotta do what I gotta do

Writer(s): T. Shakur, J. Jackson

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Why U Turn On Me"

[2Pac:]

(Ol' switcheroo-ass, bitch made motherfuckers, just be friends)  
Outlaw nigga, Westside, throw it up  
Hahaha.. had love for 'em, but why you turning on me?  
Why me? Westside, how you do it boy?

[2Pac:]

I went from, nothin' to somethin' now they all wanna see me fall  
And the player haters hate to see a thug nigga ballin'  
And they say we hate the East coast, but that's funny  
Got a lot of love for, any niggas gettin' money  
I made a song about my enemies and niggas tripped  
It was hip-hop until 2Pac fucked Biggie bitch  
Y'all niggas hypocrites and bitch made  
Now either love me or hate me but real thug niggas get paid  
Have me catchin' cases all across the nation  
I went from jail to bail to barely on probation  
They got a player facin' three strikes  
And we might, just blast God bless the child, that can get cash  
But all these niggas turnin' and never learn  
Got a long line of niggas player hatin' me but gettin' burned  
Talk a lot of shit but you's a trick in drag  
Like the MAC make you fall back and stick yo' ass for back stab

[Singers & 2Pac:]

Why you wanna turn on me?  
Never thought you would backstab me (Why y'all turnin' on me?)  
When you niggas see me you flee (Why me?)  
Cause I'm a T-H with the U-G.. (Why me?)  
Why you wanna turn on me?  
Never thought you would backstab me  
When you niggas see me you flee (yeah nigga)  
Cause I'm a T-H with the U-G

[2Pac:]

It, started so innocent, but ended in the fifth precinct  
Although two juvenile delinquents, we still decent  
Playin' catch and kiss, used to diss the herbs  
Fuck school we was skippin' drink a fifth on the curb  
Me and you, no closer two, while drinkin' brew  
What you need nigga? Anything at all come to me nigga  
You can wear my clothes and my gold for the hoes  
Gave you the keys to the jeep, offered my home as an open door  
But then you picked a new direction, in the blink of an eye  
My time away just made perfection, did you think I'd die?  
I never got a single visit yet I carry on  
All my old friends too busy now my money gone  
Said I got raped in jail, picture that? [\*laughter\*]  
Revenge is a payback bitch, get your gat  
Fuck Wendy Williams and I pray you choke

On the next dick down your throat  
For turnin' on me

*[Singers & 2Pac:]*

Why you wanna turn on me?  
Never thought you would backstab me (Why y'all turnin' on me?)  
When you niggas see me you flee (Why me?)  
Cause I'm a T-H with the U-G.. (Why me?)  
Why you wanna turn on me?  
Never thought you would backstab me  
When you niggas see me you flee  
Cause I'm a T-H with the U-G

*[2Pac:]*

I put Jenny Craig on your fat ass, you fat troll  
Anybody ever seen Wendy Williams fat ass?  
Why you always wearin' Spandex you fat bitch?  
I know your pussy stinks, you fat ho  
I'm puttin' Jenny Craig on you bitch  
I'm about to put a twenty-thousand dollar, hit  
Through Jenny Craig to come find yo' ass  
And put you in a fat farm, you fat bitch!  
Thug Life, Outlaw, Westside bitch  
It's 2Pac so you know who said it  
And for everybody who didn't like what I said about that other trick  
And Mobb Deep, fuck you too nigga!  
If a nigga didn't want to get talked about  
He shouldn'ta stepped in the fuckin' ring  
If Tyson don't want to get knocked out  
He don't step in the fuckin' ring, that's how the shit go  
When Tyson get in the ring, he knock motherfuckers out!  
Well that's what 2Pac gon' do  
When niggas come against me, I'ma knock they punk ass out!  
One way or the motherfuckin' other  
This old motherfuckin' nigga in the South told me nigga  
It's more than one way to skin a cat  
It's more than one way to shoot a gat  
It's more than one way to die nigga  
When I'm through, everybody cry nigga  
This is how we do it

*[Singers & 2Pac:]*

Why you wanna turn on me?  
Never thought you would backstab me (Why y'all turnin' on me?)  
When you niggas see me you flee (Why me?)  
Cause I'm a T-H with the U-G..  
Why you wanna turn on me?  
Never thought you would backstab me  
When you niggas see me you flee  
Cause I'm a T-H with the U-G  
(Fuck you too nigga!)





# 2Pac Lyrics

## "LastOnesLeft"

(feat. Outlawz)

[2Pac:]

Nigga, westside!  
Westside in this motherfucker  
Westside in this motherfucker right here  
Westside in this motherfucker

[2Pac:]

Can't nobody stop us when we blunted up and swervin'  
Packed in a Suburban  
Screaming, "Outlaw!", runnin' on the curb  
They never try me, 'cause right behind me a killer team  
I get the word, cut the head off a nigga, like a guillotine  
This Hennessy will keep me calm though  
Sittin' in the back of the club, tradin' convo  
Livin' like a Don in my own mind  
Signal Kadafi, nigga, watch me with the chrome 9  
All the time drinkin' champagne  
Walk through the crowd, let the tramps hang  
Niggas player hate but do a damn thing  
Picture me doin' 80, down a one-way  
Stuck in the trunk, caught with gun play  
So I gotta keep my eyes open  
Gettin' high, wonder why we gotta die smokin'  
My alibi, addictively  
Like them other vile men, I'm marked for death  
Spendin' my nights like it's the last one left; I'm an outlaw

[2Pac:]

Am I wrong? I wanna get it goin' on  
Last to leave, 'til I see everybody's gone  
I'm at the bar, you can catch me, hands full of liquor  
Or puffin' on a sweet Swisher  
I'm the last one left  
Tell me, am I wrong? I wanna get it goin' on  
Last to leave, 'til I see everybody's gone  
I'm at the bar, you can catch me, hands full of liquor  
Or puffin' on a sweet Swisher  
Guess I'm the last one left

[Napoleon:]

I got my back against the wall, gat chillin' by my balls  
Prior to war is a rider nigga that's only 5'6" tall  
Napoleon only knows on we Outlaws, fuck fear  
Better strap down to the fullest, 'cause we outchea  
Thug passion all up in me, feelin' like I took some Henny  
It ain't easy, I'm tryin' to make a dollar out of two pennies  
What we got is rep, nigga, wanna pull their gat, nigga  
He's only got my side 'cause they think 'Pac died, nigga  
Blast niggas with our TEC's, takin' showers in our vest

'Pac, come and catch weight, nigga, we the last ones left

[2Pac:]

If we would've known the zone inside my own dome  
Fresh outta jail, it was hell, but I'm finally home  
Lookin' for niggas that was woofin' that shit  
When I was locked back  
Hands on the pump, make 'em jump when it cocked back  
Fuck 'em all, they're bitches inside a world of weak  
Bitch niggas be afraid to speak; we the last ones left

[2Pac:]

Tell me, am I wrong? I wanna get it goin' on  
Last to leave, 'til I see everybody's gone  
At the bar, you can catch me, hands full of liquor  
Or puffin' on a sweet Swisher  
Like I'm the last one left  
Am I wrong? I wanna get it goin' on  
Last to leave, 'til I see everybody's gone  
At the bar, you can catch me, hands full of liquor  
Or puffin' on a sweet Swisher  
Like I'm the last one left

[Kastro:]

I eat and sleep the worst shit, turfs and birth  
Me and my team super supreme, puttin' in work  
I'm passed out, drunk as a fuck, 'til it hurt  
And I call Earl screaming, "Fuck the world!"  
I got a bitch on the side wanna be my wife  
And wifey beefin', wanna know if she gon' see me tonight  
And I know it ain't right, but it's the life I got  
And that's until I see Yak, and that's until I see 'Pac  
Young know I lost a troll, somebody owed me down  
And if the world was a girl  
I'd stick my dick in the ground; fuck the world!

[2Pac:]

Westside in this motherfucker right here  
Westside in this motherfucker...  
Uh, Outlaw in this motherfucker right here  
Outlawz in this motherfucker  
Westside in this motherfucker right here  
Westside in this motherfucker...  
Uh, Outlaw in this motherfucker right here  
Westside in this motherfucker  
In this motherfucker right here...

Thanks to BigBaller295, simsd@washington.navy.mil, nottinmatterz\_2day for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Johnny Lee Jackson, Katari T. Cox, Yafeu Fula, Malcolm Greenidge, Mutah W. Beale, Tupac Amaru Shakur

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Thug N U Thug N Me"

(feat. K-Ci & JoJo)

[2Pac:]

Put me in that; ay come on JoJo ('Pac hahaha)  
Yeah that type of shit (maybe it's the thug in me)  
You know what time it is (maybe it's the thug in me)

[2Pac:]

By age thirteen I was buckwild, good at my knuckle game  
Made it through a tough childhood never be the same  
Walked in my daddy's shoes  
No time to be a peaceful man had to shatter fools  
That's 'til I put my eyes on you  
God damn, sweetheart you got some thighs on you  
Now I can't wait to get you home, get you all alone  
In my bedroom, baby can we bone, and get it on  
Tell me lady how you like me  
And if you want it harder baby, come and bite me  
But do it lightly  
Cause that excites me to lay the pipe  
And if you lick me right, I'll do it all night  
Only got fucked by a drug dealer  
Never felt the real passion of a thug nigga (haha)  
Though I like the way you scream when you lovin' me  
I'm goin' deep, it's the thug in me  
So whatchu sayin' girl?

[K-Ci & JoJo (2Pac):]

A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you, give it to me  
I got a lot of thug in me, lot of thug (Maybe it's the thug in me)  
That I wanna put in you (maybe it's the thug in you)  
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you, can you check it  
I got a lot of thug in me. Do you want it (Maybe it's the thug in me)  
That I wanna give to you girl (Maybe it's the thug in you)

[2Pac:]

Moan baby when we bone it's on  
It's so strong niggas in the next room'll cum  
I got ya head swingin'  
Tongue kissin', as I hit it from the back with the bed ringin' (haha)  
Give me space, as I lick ya face, stick the place  
Synchronize so I drive when they kick the bass  
Love fuckin' in tha mo'nin'  
I get ya wet and bust a sweat, then I'm gone  
Left you on yo' own girl  
Tell me what you feel like  
Blindfolded, I'm cold do it real nice - that's if it feel right  
Maybe it's the thug in me  
I pull ya hair while we fuckin' in the chair, when ya lovin' me  
Up against the wall, you can have it all; just try  
Bet my kiss, to get you high, don't pass by

Grab me by my nuts when I'm lovin' you  
Now open up and let me put the thug in you

*[K-Ci & JoJo (2Pac):]*

A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you, give it to me  
I got a lot of thug in me (Maybe it's the thug in me), lot of thug  
That I wanna put in you  
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you, can you check it  
I got a lot of thug in me, do you want it  
That I wanna give to you girl (Maybe it's the thug in you)

*[2Pac:]*

Say baby what's your phone number?  
Be warned, I'm like a storm with my own thunder  
I make the room rumble, in and out long stroke  
Hold ya breath now, close your eyes deep throat  
Did you like it? Oh I'm excited!  
Cause it's a party in my bedroom, you're invited  
C'mon now, let me see ya shake your rump  
Tell me, how long will it take to cum  
Havin' fun, do it one on one and we can all get involved  
First y'all do me, then I'll fuck y'all  
When you call me the next day  
To get sexed by a nigga in the best way  
Yeah baby it's a price to pay  
Only play in the fast lane  
When you a hustler, motherfuck a cash came  
I gotcha goin' wild, 'cause I'm lovin' you  
Drugged out with this motherfuckin' thug in you

*[K-Ci & JoJo (2Pac):]*

A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you  
I got a lot of thug in me  
That I wanna put in you and you  
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you  
I got a lot of thug in me (Maybe it's the thug in me)  
That I wanna give to you girl (Maybe it's the thug in you)  
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you  
I got a lot of thug in me  
That I wanna put in you and you (Maybe it's the thug in me)  
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you  
I got a lot of thug in me (Maybe it's the thug in me)  
That I wanna give to you girl

*[\*Sound of girl fucking\*]*

Oh yeah! Like me! Yeah, look at me baby, yeah, yeah  
Like me! You do.

I hold a lot of thug in me, you hold a lot of thug in ya  
I hold a lot of thug in me  
I hold a lot of thug in me, I hold a lot of thug in ya  
I hold a lot of thug in me  
Now c'mon, I hold a lot of thug in me  
Hold a lot of thug in you, hold a lot of thug in me  
C'mon, hold a lot of thug in me  
Gotta be some thug in ya, gotta be some thug in me

C'mon, hold a lot of thug in me  
I gotta be some thug in ya  
Can you feel it?  
I hold a lot of thug in me, I gotta be some thug in ya  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

*[2Pac:]*

I don't wanna talk, I don't want no explanations  
I don't got no motherfuckin' explanations, y'knahmsayin?  
It's the thug in me  
Don't be askin' why I'm pullin' your hair  
And why I fuck so motherfuckin' thuggish  
That thug passion, y'knahmean?  
Bitch, no mercy  
What you scared of?  
Didn't you come over here to get fucked? (no)  
You ain't come over here for me to be  
Strokin', and all that bullshit  
You came over here to get fucked (no)  
Shit, if I ain't fuck you thug style  
Bitch you'd leave my house talkin' bout, "2Pac can't serve me"  
Won't have me crossed up in that bullshit, hahaha  
Turn over! Maybe it's the thug in me!

Writer(s): Johnny Lee Jackson, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Joel Lamonte Hailey, J. Peyton, Cedric R. Hailey

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Words 2 My First Born"

(feat. Above the Law)

[2Pac:]

Hehehe, yeah  
These are my words to my firstborn

[2Pac:]

Can you picture young niggas in a rush to grow?  
'Til hard-timers in the pen' had to crush his throat  
Probably never even saw it comin'  
Too busy bullshittin', caught him with his mouth runnin'  
Ain't this a bitch? They got me twisted in this game  
The feds and the punk police pointin' pistols at my brain  
I wonder if I'm wrong 'cause I'm thugged out  
My homies murdered execution style runnin' in the drug house  
What was supposed to be a easy hit  
Now shit is flipped, 'cause niggas died over bullshit  
It's not my dream, I'm seein' pictures of a broken man  
No witnesses only the questions of who smoked the man  
Young adolescents in our prime live a life of crime  
Though it ain't logical, we hobble through these tryin' times  
Livin' blind—Lord, help me with my troubled soul  
Why all my homies had to die 'fore they got to grow?  
And right before I put my head on the pillow, say a prayer  
One love to the thugs in Heaven, I'll see you there  
It's written for the young and dumb that wasn't warned  
Help you make it through the storm  
My words to my firstborn—feel me!

[2Pac:]

My words to my firstborn  
My words to my firstborn

[2Pac:]

Since my very first day on this earth, I was cursed  
So, I knew that the birth of a child would make my life worse  
And though it hurt me, there was no distortion  
'Cause wild seeds can't grow, we need more abortions  
Quiet your soul, 'cause you know what you had to do  
And so did victims of a world they never came to  
I understand it's a better day comin', sometimes cats be sleepin' on the dead end, drivin' with the car runnin'  
Blinded, ain't no love in the hood, only hearts torn  
Love letters to the innocent and unborn  
All the babies that died up on the table  
Wasn't able to breathe, 'cause the family wasn't able  
Can't blame her, I would do the same  
All I could give her was my debt and my last name  
'Cause in the game things change, livin' up and down  
This hard life got me walkin' with my head down  
Flashin' frowns wasn't meant to be, was I wrong?  
But I'll never get to know, so I carry on

It's written for the young and dumb that wasn't born  
My words to my firstborn—feel me!

*[2Pac:]*

My words to my firstborn  
Mmm! (Yeah)  
These are the words to my firstborn  
Hey, nigga, talk to your born!  
Talk to your seed, nigga!

*[Above the Law:]*

Two thousand somethin' somethin' mention a new era  
A nigga's too real, now see shit too clear  
See, there's more than just this scrilla and this tilt  
(What else is it, dawg?) – the velvet and the silk  
And makin' sure my kittens got they milk  
(Hoo!) Gotta fill this mattress  
Let my kids know I'm at this  
Attack this, the Mack must roll, hood stroll  
Ain't no question, is it? Above the Law hustlers  
If it's related to chips, homie, we'll handle ya

Yo, although we never take advantage  
Though we always into ery'thang  
By all means, stack green, gangsta lean  
They say money make the world go 'round  
So, only associate yourself  
With paper chasers and niggas that's truly down  
And keep God first  
And give thanks for the good times, as well as when it hurts  
It's player haters every corner you hit  
Touchin' their tits, hella thick, tryin' to get you for yo' grip  
I know you stressed-out and fed-up  
But come out, gun-blazin', and keep yo' head up  
You can call it what you want to, but it ain't gon' change  
Above the Law, 2Pac, O.G.'s in this rap game  
And we done lived a long hard life  
And we done shed so many tears under these bright lights  
Y'all, although we grew up corrupted and scorned  
We still got a lot of wisdom to give to our firstborn

*[2Pac:]*

What you gon' tell your kids, nigga?  
Who was you? What was you doin'?  
How did you put it down?  
These my words to my motherfuckin' firstborn  
So, they can know, y'knahmean? Hehehe  
Ain't nothin' but a motherfuckin' rider  
Westside 'til I die, that's all it was  
It's a crooked-ass hand they deal a motherfucker  
I just played to win, just played to win  
Motherfucker gotta bet against the odds, y'knahmean?





# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Let Em Have It Remix"

(feat. Left Eye)

[2Pac:]

Te quiero  
Te quiero cojer, te quiero cojer  
I'll let your ass have it, te quiero cojer  
Te quiero cojer, oh real?  
Te quiero cojer

[2Pac:]

Now you've been actin' like you want it for a long time  
All up in a nigga face, givin' me them strong vibes  
Look in my eyes and you'll find peace  
A Gemini, so you really blow my mind freak  
Come on, I got my clothes off, hard as a nigga in jail  
Skinny niggas throw the dick well  
Everybody get their condoms, brother cause it's time to fuck  
Hurry up and put it on nigga, time is up  
What's next? Got my mind on some group sex  
Where you goin', baby? I ain't even through yet  
Do it like a true vet, love it how I threw it to ya  
Even now make it good to ya, remember me?  
I love fuckin' slow with the lights low  
Black, Puerto Rican, even White hoes  
Bellisimo, que linda, dame un beso, come to Papi  
Fuck until the shit is sloppy  
If you really want it

[2Pac & Left Eye:]

If you really want it  
Get'cha ass up; you know it, if you really want it  
If you really want it  
If you really want it, if you really want it  
I'm really want it.  
Let her have it

[2Pac:]

Alright all my real niggas and my real bitches  
Let me see you do it like this, c'mon

[2Pac & Left Eye:]

Rock, your body body, rock your body body  
Rock, your body body, rock your body body  
Rock, your body body, rock your body body  
Rock, your body body, we came to  
Rock, your body body, rock your body body  
Rock, your body body, rock your body  
Rock, your body body, rock your body body  
Rock, your body body

[Left Eye:]

Do you, you remember the time  
When you absolutely, said never let it inside  
Feel it's my duty, from Gemini, to Gemini  
Can you [?] imagine the trouble [?] then double, I'm much obliged  
See I would love to go and take a ride  
Have total leeway up and down your freeway, nothing to hide  
If I was committed to suicide  
I'd fuck around meet you now put it down, I'd testify  
Ain't nobody here to understand the reason why  
It's you and I, so everything is rectified  
I know you tried, you even made a nigga cry  
But love is blind, now can you stand the test of time?  
Redefine, what it means to be an open mind  
Feel the climax.  
I bust a round for you, painted the perfect picture  
I'm down for you, can't wait to get wit'cha

Rock, your body body, rock your body  
Rock, your body body, rock your body

[2Pac:]

Damn

IF you really want it  
You like that? Yeah  
If you really want it

[Left Eye:]

Rock, your body body, rock your body  
Rock, your body body, rock your body

[2Pac:]

Don't hold back. I wanna do that  
Yeah, yeah, I feel you

[2Pac:]

Rock, your body body, rock your body body  
Rock, your body body, rock your body body  
Rock, your body body, rock your body body  
Rock, your body body, we came to  
Rock, your body body, rock your body body  
Rock, your body body, rock your body  
Rock, your body body, rock your body body  
Rock, your body body

[2Pac:]

See, it all started simple, turned into me lickin' yo' nipples  
Fuckin' you doggie style to this instrumental  
Hands up, all up inside ya  
Hell I can stand ya  
Eyes open I don't plan, to bust  
Just hold on baby let me zone in  
What do you mean? Can you scream let it go biotch  
How does it feel? Got a nigga like steel in ya  
To keep goin' now I'm fuckin' like I'm killin' ya  
Let's go another round baby is you down really  
Two shots of ecstasy Lick a nigga down silly

Your body next to me  
I could touch you inside, and you'll cry  
So good when a nigga leave, you'll die  
My mama told me baby be a man put it on her  
Hittin' bitches like, switches comin' around the corner  
I wanna let me get my ride on  
It's yo' dick baby but it's my song  
If you really want it

*[2Pac:]*

Gots to send this one out to the freaky bitches  
Definitely all the Scorpios, and the Geminis, and the Virgos  
You know I know the truth about you Scorpios and you Virgos  
No doubt gotta give it to the Capricorns  
They some freaks too on the down down  
The Libras, they like it even but they still like fuckin'  
No doubt, Aquariuses, Libras, I said those  
Leos (if you really want it), yeah they some freaks, Leos is freaks  
They always wanna run shit in bed  
Sagittarius(if you really want it), Taurus, Cancer, all you freaky fucks (if you really want it)  
I'm a zodiac fucker I'll do you all one at a time  
And all day long, let's get busy

*[2Pac & Left Eye:]*

Rock, your body body, rock your body body  
Rock, your body body, rock your body  
Rock, your body body, rock your body body  
Rock, your body body, we came to  
Rock, your body body, rock your body body  
Rock, your body body, rock your body  
Rock, your body body.

Writer(s): Helicia Choyce, Val Young, Donna T. Hunter, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Lenton Tereill Hutton

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Runnin' On E"

(feat. Outlawz)

[2Pac (Hussein Fatal):]

(Mr. If you a bad boy)

Yo, what's up

The police comin' on, oh shit! Get out of there.

Fatal, Outlawz I wanna up out this motherfucker

Gon' pass it

Ain't get me up but fuck that

This Outlaw nigga

[2Pac:]

If you a bad boy then you die

Westside outlawz when we ride, get me high

They fucked up when the rob me

Put another contract on Mobb Deep

If you a bad boy then you die

Westside outlawz when we ride, get me high

They fucked up when the rob me

Put another contract on Mobb Deep

[Hussein Fatal:]

I focus my locus thought on the enemies

Sip off the Hennessy, it's necessary to finish me

I'm antisocial immortal, when it comes to the phone book

Jersey them niggas down, they won't broke 'em 'til it's time to smoke 'em

Hussein the terrorist

Dig they think I'm crazy and [?]

And as we speak they tryin' to find me a therapist

Rapid fire I clap and hire 'til you die a liar

Strap in the city corners droppin' on to spin the tires

My man define ya 357 anaconda

This enough to bring your mama then turn around and hear the drama

Military camaraderie, outlaw 'til they body me

Havoc I gotta have it steady blastin' at Prodigy

Mobb 6 feet deep, you try to bust me 'til death

And I suppose you got the dopest moves like Chucky on fresh

You know the verdict, who what when why he died murdered

Get your physical diverted and your vision deserted

[2Pac:]

Now ever since momma got fucked and papa ducked out

Look at us, murderous thugs showin' less love in the drug house

Similar to savages, it's a wonder we manage

Bring chaos causin' damage on our quest for cabbage

They ask my style similar to cash we flaunt it

Most wanted by the population murdered you for it

Exploit your weakness revenge flow deep without release

Criminal orders across the waters bringin' the war to the streets

Why fear me, fear the shit I speak

Once this shit drop it's heard on every fuckin' street

Like the sound of police  
Who run the streets really?  
In every hood legends grow  
From the hustlaz up at Harlem to shot callers in O'  
And though, Congress, don't want us to progress, we strapped  
My homie buried at an early age hustled to death  
His last breath, a lesson I possess like jewels  
Stay thugged out keep it movin'

Hey where that nigga

*[Yaki Kadafi:]*

Halfway thugs don't budge when we stalk the streets  
Sort of like [?] and narcotics when they walk the beat  
You speak the beef pussy draw down and drop it  
Hit you with 6 shots lay the law down and throw the shells in my pocket  
Gettin' mines with nine cocked extortin'  
Blocks pop with 22's in my socks with the butt hangin' out the chocolate  
You never seen time I travel across dream crime  
My rolls like a million dollar bills folded with green slime  
With my foes erased drink my Henney straight no chasin'  
Catch my body like Haitian 5 minutes from the station

*[Young Noble:]*

Hit the hole like Allen Iverson with confidence  
No finger prints don't mean no evidence or proof the I was present  
At the scene of the crime around 10 niggas bleed  
After they made this punk fag motherfucker bleed  
Money was bloody as shit, y'all niggas shoulda seen it  
Bust a cap and freak with, bowin' on your knees shit  
The Glock to your head nigga, don't make no somethin' action  
Hit innocent by-standers when he blasted, dump fuckin' backwards  
Little homies puttin' work for stripes  
But is it worth your life and g-rides runnin' red lights  
I wish somebody would have told me then  
Since I'm an outlaw like Napoleon ain't no cell they can hold me in  
Or cage me in, crazy like Arabians  
Hold this spot like them niggas on Fabian  
Havin' the fiend page me (page me)  
When they want the product, nigga I got to smoke  
Got this weed and the coke what you need what you want  
What you workin' with? I'm on some immortal shit  
Outlawz we straight hurtin' shit, use artillery to murder with  
Put on the block gangsta party and like 'Pac  
Life's hard from the ox me and my niggas on top (party)

*[2Pac:]*

I know the law hate me dearly, comin' for me  
We outlaws, thugged out, niggas runnin' on E  
I know the law hate me dearly, comin' for me  
We outlaws, thugged out, niggas runnin' on E  
I know the law hate me dearly, they comin' for me  
We outlaws, thugged out, niggas runnin' on E  
I know the law hate me dearly, they comin' for me  
We outlaws, thugged out, niggas runnin' on E

*[Nuttso:]*

With my Glock, quick to let it pop, fuck the law  
Carry steel cause I live on the nigga side of the law  
Ridin' foes 'cause I can't let hoes catch me slippin'  
Quick to blow and dispose if you block on hittin'  
Ridin' high, blazin', kryptonite got a nigga dazin'  
Burpin' and smurkin' got on enemies before I grave 'em  
Ride 'em, look behind him, I see him, he slipped  
Had to stop light in a slowly night, this motherfuckin' trick  
Slide over so I can dump and put it in em  
Damn, I guess this motherfucker know that I sent it  
Hit the pedal now we high speedin'  
With the metal tryin' to make these motherfuckers die speedin'  
Up the way I seen him slow down  
Shit! I think I done bucked these hoes down  
Caught them runnin' on e it kind of funny to me  
They know they was fuckin' with me but they dumb to see

*[2Pac:]*

Open up fire watch 'em expire when my shells split 'em  
Plus all them trick niggas basically can go to hell with 'em  
Fuck 'em they phony claimin' they homies but they foes  
Speakin' on thug niggas daily, while we nailin' they hoes  
Explode boldly at my stage shows and formation  
Words are known to spray blaze as I raise my thug nation  
A crooked thought, cops get bought, no longer caught  
Out on bail, raised in hell, nigga fuck what you thought  
Did you cry when my girl died?  
Put out the hit, politic niggas worldwide, grabbin' my dick  
I'll never learn, take away the pain with sherm  
Throwin' gas on my enemies watchin' 'em burn  
Kamikaze, I'm shootin' up the casket take the body  
Whip the corpse like a piñata and party  
His last breath, a straight lesson I possess like jewels  
Stay thugged out keep it movin'  
Runnin' on E.  
Stay thugged out keep it movin'  
Runnin' on E

*[2Pac talking:]*

One time, one time for the niggas that stayed down for us  
Runnin' on E  
Smif-n-Wessun the Cocoa Brovaz, Buckshot, BDI, runnin' on E  
The Bootcamp Click  
What happened, that was it?

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "When I Get Free"

*[Prison Guard:]* Inmate 'Pac, C57797, you got a visitor  
Right there, star three

*[Girl:]* Hi baby

*[Prisoner:]* What's up honey?

*[Girl:]* Hey you know it's just only one more week until family visit

*[Prisoner:]* Yeah I'ma rock them drawers. Yeah but you did you take care of that business I asked you to do?

*[Girl:]* I made those deposits

*[Prisoner:]* Okay that's cool you bring that shit?

*[Girl:]* Yeah I got it

*[Prisoner:]* Alright see that guard over there?

*[Girl:]* Mmm-hmm

*[Prisoner:]* When you get done just hand him the shit, he know whassup

*[Girl:]* Alright, hey you know E just got cracked, he's in jail now

*[Prisoner:]* What?

*[Girl:]* Yeah, Go-Go's out. I just saw him running around the other day

*[Prisoner:]* Ah, fuck that fool. But anyway, what's happening with my moms?

*[Girl:]* She gave me a message for you. She said she's sorry she couldn't be here today, but she'll be here next week

*[Prisoner:]* Alright well check this out, I got something real important I want you to tell her

*[Guard:]* C'mon c'mon this shit's over with  
*[Commotion breaks out]*

*[Guard:]* C'mon boy, back to your cell

*[Girl:]* I'm not done talking to him

*[Guard:]* Shut that shit up bitch! He's outta here, c'mon

*[Prisoner:]* Don't be calling my woman no bitch! Nigga I'll fuck you up!

*[Guard:]* Yeah yeah fool, what?

*[Prisoner:]* Let me out these chains....with your broke ass sucka



[Guard:] Yeah yeah, that's what they all say fool

[Prisoner:] Yeah what! Let me out then

[Guard:] Institutionalized, and this is your home...

Guess who's back, and ready to knock off a cop or two  
Cause me and the crew could still get our rocks off  
The penitentiary don't stop a nigga cause he's in jail  
Hell I'm makin' more money on the street from here in a cell  
I'm livin' proper, the coppers is havin' fits  
I just made the profit, you punks ain't stoppin' shit  
I still remember my momma told me  
Find the cop who killed your brother  
Send him to Hell lookin' homely  
Cause a real nigga love the law  
What's raw is a nigga that's above the law  
Keep pressin' your luck and get fucked, huh  
Think a nigga don't know whassup 'cause he's locked up  
But in the meantime, it's get swole get clean time  
Concentrate on gettin' green time  
And as the years go by, they forgot  
About the small time soldier from the block, huh  
To kill the crook they threw the book at me  
Don't worry be nappy, don't even look happy  
Put me in the hole, gave me cold cuts  
Did push-ups until I swole up  
And then they offer me a furlough  
But what they don't know as soon as I get free I'm killin' five mo'  
They asked me if I changed much  
I told em 'Yeah' even though I'm still the same nut  
They started askin' me questions about my brother  
And makin' remarks about my mother, hmm  
Wait a minute, hold up  
Makin' jokes about my folks'll get yours blown up  
They sent me back to the hole for what I told em  
I guess he didn't believe me, so I showed him  
He went home to find a tragedy  
Nigga, that's what you get for tryin' to badger me  
And anybody else that wanna sweat me  
I'm already in jail so you punks can't get me  
You better pray they never see me  
Cause if they let me free, prepare for trouble on the streets

When I get free, huh  
When I get free, huh  
When I get free

When I get free, huh  
When I get free, huh  
When I get free

When I get free

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, T. Anderson, B. Evens, Ricardo Darcel Rouse

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Until The End Of Time Remix"

(feat. Richard Page)

*[2Pac:]*

Perhaps I was addicted to the dark side  
Somewhere inside my childhood witnessed my heart die  
And even though we both came from the same places  
The money and the fame made us all change places  
How could it be? Through the misery that came to pass  
The hard times make a true friend afraid to ask for currency  
But you could run to me when you need and I'll never leave  
Honestly, someone to believe in, as you can see  
It's a small thang to a true, what could I do?  
Real homies help you get through  
And come to know he'd do the same thang if he could  
Cause in the hood true homies make you feel good  
And half the times we be actin' up call the cops  
Bringin' a cease to the peace that was on my block  
It never stops, when my mama ask me, "Will I change?"  
I tell her yea, but it's clear I'll always be the same  
Until the end of time

*[Richard Page:]*

So take, these broken wings  
I need your hands to come and heal me once again  
(Until the end of time)  
So I can fly, 'til the end of time  
Take, these broken wings...

*[2Pac:]*

Please Lord forgive me for my life of sin  
My hard stare seem to scare all my sister's kids  
So you know, I don't hang around the house much  
This all night money makin' got me outta touch, shit  
Ain't flashed a smile in a long while  
An unexpected birth worst of the ghetto child  
My attitude got me walkin' solo, ride out alone in my lo-lo  
Watchin' the whole world move in slow-mo  
For quiet times, disappear, listen to the ocean  
Smokin' 'Ports, think my thoughts, then it's back to coastin'  
Who can I trust in this cold world?  
My phony homie had a baby by my old girl  
But I ain't trippin' I'm a player I ain't sweatin' him  
I sexed his sister, had her mumble like a Mexican  
His next of kin, no remorse it was meant to happen  
Besides rappin' the only thing I did good was scrappin'  
Until the end of time

*[Richard Page:]*

Take, these broken wings  
I need your hands to come and heal me once again  
(Until the end of time)

So I can fly, 'til the end of time  
Take, these broken wings...

*[Richard Page:]*

Take, these broken wings  
You got to learn to fly, learn to live so free  
(Until the end of time)  
So we can fly away, 'til the end of time  
Take, these broken wings...

*[2Pac:]*

Now who's to say if I was right or wrong?  
To live my life as an Outlaw all along  
Remain strong in this planet full of player haters  
They conversate but Death Row full of demonstrators  
And in the end drinkin' Hennessy made all my enemies envy me  
So cold when I flow eliminatin' easily  
Falls to they knees, they plead for they right to breathe  
While beggin' me to keep the peace (haha)  
When I conceive closer to achieve  
In times of danger don't freeze, time to be a G  
Follow my lead I'll supply everything you need  
An ounce of game and the trainin' to make a G  
Remember me, as an outcast Outlaw  
Another album out, that's what I'm about, more  
Gettin' raw 'til the day I see my casket  
Buried as a G while the whole world remembers me  
Until the end of time

*[Richard Page:]*

Take, these broken wings  
I need your hands to come and heal me once again  
(Until the end of time)  
So I can fly, 'til the end of time

*[Richard Page:]*

Take, these broken wings  
You got to learn to fly, learn to live so free  
(Until the end of time)  
So we can fly away, 'til the end of time  
'Til the end of...

*[2Pac:]*

I don't know what it is that got me actin' all crazy out here  
Guess it's just my environment, how you people be treatin'  
(Until the end of time)  
Shit, I'll be back in a while?  
Ain't no mystery, you get what you give, feel me?  
When it comes I'll be like, I can't tell you what?  
Maybe it's the thug in me